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Are seen as monsters, poised above the clouds,  
Above the smoke of battle which enshrouds,  
Towering aloft, enthroned in upper air,  
With selfish greed their first and only care.  
Drowning the clash of steel, or shout of Dons—  
Roar louder than the voice of war, "MORE BONDS!!"—[Page 31].

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By J. MILTON MASON.

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Illustrated by Author.

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## PREFACE.

While virtue is always attractive because it is ever the symphony of truth.

In submitting this humble effort to public criticism the writer craves that indulgence due to a desire on his part to establish a higher code in morals, religion and politics, and bespeaks the favorable and generous approval of the members of the Bar with whom he has been so long associated and to whom this labor is especially dedicated.

Kansas City, Kansas

J. MILTON MASON.

February 12, 1900

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Oh beauteous land! sweet land perfumed with flowers  
Where dark-eyed beauty waits in moonlit bowers  
And serenading lover's dulcet strain  
Blends ardent sighs with song in castled Spain.—[Page 1].





# ARMAGEDDON.

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A POEM.

BY J. MILTON MASON.

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## CANTO 1.

### THE INDICTMENT.

Oh beauteous land! sweet land perfumed with flowers  
Where dark-eyed beauty waits in moonlit bowers  
And serenading lover's dulcet strain  
Blends ardent sighs with song in castled Spain,  
Around whose northern shores the ocean waves  
Invade her rugged cliffs and sullen caves,  
Assault embattled rocks with mighty roar  
And break like charging squadrons on the shore!  
While further South the soft, half tropic breeze,  
Cooled by the breath of Andalusian seas  
Wafted from fragrant lands of spice and balm,  
Sleeps in that sweet delicious summer calm  
Along a harbored shore with cities bright  
That shine like jewels on the brow of night.

Why have the people left their homes  
And sought their priests in templed domes?  
Why floats the Armada power of Spain  
Bristling with death upon the main?  
Alas! must earth baptized with blood  
Be sunk again in that dark flood—



That creed of lust and hate and crime  
Of this, the bloodiest page of time?

'Tis answered from the sea-girt isles—  
By that bright gem of Antilles,  
Where loving Nature sleeps in smiles  
And fragrance breathes o'er summer seas—  
Where Gomez, with uplifted blade,  
Holds back the impious hand of power  
And shields fair Cuba, blooming maid,  
Unravished in her darkest hour.

Where fever's pestilential breath,  
Borne on the hovering wings of Death,  
Wraps many a hero in his shroud,  
And stalking Pestilence, stern and proud,  
Vies with the sword uplifted high  
To make its countless victims die,  
A Peri guards that lovely isle  
And weeps to find its rulers vile.  
There all around in Nature's bloom  
Rich garlands deck the soldier's tomb.

Who plague or famine failed to find,  
The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind,  
Or unarmed men in Red Cross tent—  
'Twas there the brave Hidalgos went,  
With Spanish prowess boldly dashed  
And many helpless victims gashed!  
Or when the wind the thicket stirred,  
Or leaf was moved by passing bird,  
Rushed madly forth with martial din  
And thrust their deadly sabers in!  
Or if perchance the foe had fled,  
Charged in the brush and fired a gun,  
Reporting many hundreds dead  
And another Spanish victory won!  
And this Quixotic chivalry gloats  
Where e'er the Spanish standard floats,  
And cruel Dons from Moorish walls  
March where the blight of famine falls!



More than two hundred thousand dead!  
And many starving still for bread!  
By sword, by plague, by famine slain,  
With prayerful hands that clasp in vain  
The babe on its dead mother's breast!  
Fathers who died to save the rest,  
Unclad, unshrived, Oh, foulest sin!  
In unknown graves thrown careless in—  
A crime so horrible and deep  
Should cause humanity to weep.  
Yet crime, though foul, is not more black  
Than the past record of the rack  
By Duke of Alva, thrice priest-blest,  
Who earth invaded and oppressed.  
The Moors that came as victors crowned  
Taught bigot priests the world was round,  
Expelled by the victorious band  
Of superstitious Ferdinand,  
First started on an upward plane  
The semi-barbarous tribes of Spain.  
We see those Moorish exiles still  
Led by the shade of Boabdill—  
Millions of dusky warriors slain  
In new-discovered worlds for gain—  
Cortez in Mexico, while in Peru,  
Pizarro, to old horrors, adds the new.  
Long time such tales of cruel hate,  
Borne as vague rumor, came of late,  
Which, true or false, still current fly  
Like bogus coins from truthful die—  
Of violated faith and woes,  
So heartless as the story goes,  
That all desired the Cubans free  
From their task masters o'er the sea,  
Who, for four hundred years, had kept  
In bondage all while freedom slept,  
Extorting tribute from the wretch  
To life's endurance utmost stretch,  
Bestowing hate, dishonor, shame,  
To all his kindred and his name.  
So ruled the iron hand of Spain  
The race that wears that galling chain,

Nor hears aloud the muttered curse  
 Of those who follow that dark hearse  
 Unto the lonely open grave  
 Of hopes that Maceo died to save.

On glowing outlines of a distant land  
 I see a mailed Minerva proudly stand  
 In shining armor as in ancient Greece,  
 In her left hand the olive branch of peace,  
 In her right hand the sword of truth to wield,  
 While "Liberty or Death" gleams on her shield;  
 "America" upon her helmet bright,  
 Steel flashing in the Sun with glinting light;  
 And while her form looms o'er the Western sea  
 She holds aloft the banner of the free;  
 There anchored in safe harbors navies ride,  
 Or buoyant float upon the swelling tide;  
 Along the coast her peerless cities rise,  
 And Commerce gloats o'er her rich merchandise;  
 The teeming products from a bounteous land  
 Are piled in massive heaps upon the strand.

And thus "Columbia," viewed afar,  
 Shines on the landscape like a star;  
 But nearer seen a necklace gem,  
 The richest sparkling diadem.  
 And 'tis our Goddess' proudest boast  
 By peaceful means to profit most.  
 Long years she's had no harsher note  
 Than ringing bell of passing boat,  
 Or Sunday chimes, or rumbling car,  
 Or plaintive note of soft guitar,  
 Touched by a lover's gentle hand,  
 Inspired by hopes his heart had planned—  
 As booms upon the waters wide  
 The signal gun at eventide.

When exiled Freedom's noble band  
 Sought refuge in a distant land,  
 They left behind their sceptered king  
 With all the pomp that wealth can bring,  
 And built upon a rock-bound shore





By sword, by plague, by famine slain,  
With prayerful hands that clasp in vain  
The babe on its dead mother's breast!  
Fathers who died to save the rest.—[Page 3].





Where stern New England surges roar,  
As eagles build their aeries high  
In the pure air of upper sky;  
Exalted by its purer breath  
They breathed in "Freedom until Death."  
Forever let that tocsin be  
As lasting as eternity!

The classic minds of noble Grecian race  
First gave to Liberty a resting place,  
Transplanted thence into a fertile soil,  
Watered by tears and tilled by human toil;  
Among the hardy Alpine mountaineers  
A Tell, a martyred Winkelried appears;  
Among the German tribes it found a home  
Beneath their sky-roofed forests templed dome;  
To cast the Popish broken image down  
Blind Ziska triumphed o'er Bohemia's crown;  
And, heralding reform in Luther's name,  
The hand of Huss fell ashes in the flame;  
With boisterous leaders of the Viking crew,  
Sailed boldly Westward, o'er the waters blue;  
Gave vengeful force and courage to the blow  
The Saxon dealt against his Danish foe;  
Lingered within the gloomy forest rude  
That overcast Old England's solitude  
Where good King Arthur and his merry knights  
Of the Round Table championed woman's rights  
Amid the hidden glens and woods of Wales,  
As told in Tennyson's romantic tales.  
But when Columbus' Spanish flag unfurled  
Upon the shores of a discovered world,  
A lust for power enthralled his human heart,  
Of baser men by far the baser part;  
He bore with him across an unknown sea  
Superstition, avarice and treachery—  
A narrow love of formal ritualism  
That could not brook an independent schism  
Against holy water and the sacred Seven  
Prism-hued colors of Saint Peter's Heaven.  
A love of monarchy and kingly crowns.  
The mummerly of priests and monkish clowns,

Dwarfed the achievements of a master mind  
 And made him the enslaver of mankind.  
 By bigot plea to save their souls to Christ,  
 Spain robbed and murdered, bullied and enticed.  
 The native race, corrupted and depraved,  
 Were by the Spaniards finally enslaved.  
 Imported negroes made a mongrel race—  
 A Spanish hybrid with a guilty face.  
 Columbus, dying in the firm belief  
 That he had brought the Cross to the relief  
 Of India's unbelieving heretic slaves,  
 Where princely pearls snatched from the darkling waves,  
 And Aurea Chersonesus' golden sands  
 Shall fall into his saintly pilgrim hands,  
 And that God's purpose nothing could deter  
 To furnish means to save Christ's sepulchre,  
 Hiding the coward face of selfish greed  
 Behind the borrowed mask of noble deed,  
 Taught he who bows not to the cross with zeal  
 Fair spoil becomes for Christian zealot's steel.

Again and yet again the struggle came  
 To break the thrall still ending all the same,  
 In heavy loss of life and doubtful gain,  
 While popish tyrants forged a stronger chain,  
 And bound their Indian slaves and blessed their days.  
 By pacifying them in many genial ways—  
 The favorite ones, when other methods lack,  
 To starve, hang, garrotte, stab them in the back—  
 Murdered their way to reach Saint Peter's door,  
 To kneel before the cross in human gore.  
 Thus acts of men these human artists paint,  
 That shame the devil, are charged upon the Saint.  
 By such misdeeds Spain all her prestige lost;  
     In the new world her colonies rebelled,  
 And burst their chains at blood and treasure's cost;  
     Of all her vast possessions few were held,  
 Till banished from the Western hemisphere  
 The power of Spain seems doomed to disappear.

Not that the Holy Cross has made it so  
     That wrack of all the better hopes of man



Shall turn this earth into a hell of woe—

But 'tis the vicious creed "He smites who can,"  
That makes this world a world no longer blest,  
And peace reigns not within the sainted breast.  
The followers of the cross and papal sign,  
Or crescent's glittering mosque or Islem's shrine,  
Confucius, Zoroaster or Krishna,  
Jain, Brama,\* Shinto, Judah or Buddha,  
Indra, Varuna, Surya and Vishnu,  
Agni, Kubera, Yama and Vayu,  
Soma, Pushan, Shri and Sarvasvati,  
Siva, Himavat and Prajapati,  
With other gods of so called heathen lands,  
Perchance unknown, with trains of seraph bands,  
Though wrapped in myth of Genii tales of old,  
Such as the dream that India's epic told  
Where Kama-divi, amorous god of love,  
With bended bow pierced Siva's heart above,  
While the destroying god engaged in prayer  
Held sacred ritual to the god of air,  
And nymph Pavati, 'neath Varuna's dome,  
Had veiled her charms beneath the white sea foam,  
And vexed the vengeful one to furious wrath—  
Like lightning flashing on the truant path  
Of the mischievous youth who poised the lance,  
Turned him to ashes by that burning glance,  
While by the union formed fair Skanda came  
To lead the heavenly armies in his name,  
And Ganesa, elephantine god, proclaimed  
The wisdom that all lesser gods maintained,  
Whether by strains from Veda's tuneful lyre  
Or chant to Giaour's sacrament of fire.  
All these lift common truth to heaven's gaze,  
Fit emblem of a world-wide civic throng,  
And join in one tumultuous choir of praise  
That blends their faith in universal song,  
And what seems discord to our mortal ears  
The sweetest music to the God appears.

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\* NOTE: For full account of the Oriental gods and heathen mythology, see: Enc. Britannica, pages 201 and 424, etc. under titles Brahmanism and Buddhism. Also, book entitled, "Congress of Religions," Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

So all religions that for ages stood  
Have joined to human nature much of good,  
Bring charity from earthly founts of love,  
What e'er the form to worship God above;  
No matter how we kiss the chastening rod,  
    Reach the Supreme as streams in restless motion  
Rise from their mountain source and flow to God,  
    To blend their cadence in eternal ocean.  
And in the higher code of good Saint James,  
    And by the loftier strains of David's song,  
And many sages bearing honored names,  
    It has been taught as truth for ages long  
That 'tis religion pure and undefiled  
    To visit widows and the fatherless,  
To soothe all pain and make all censure mild,  
    And from the world keep self unspottedness;  
That Mercy kind and Truth have met together,  
    And love springs from the earth as one unbound,  
That Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other,  
    And Charity has looked from Heaven down;  
That all God's nobler attributes on earth,  
    Mercy and Love and Truth are hopes that rise—  
As holy sisters given a glorious birth,  
    By heavenly natures wedded to the skies;  
And all asylums of the papal creed,  
Or convent cloister born of human need,  
Or grand Cathedral with its massive dome  
Where gentleness has found a Christian home,  
Whether De Paul from out the Pyrenees  
With hand to give the dying pillow ease,  
Or orphan school or lifting up the weak,  
Or the "Good Shepherd" whence cowed sisters seek:  
To found a refuge for the fallen fame  
Of women rescued from the dives of shame;  
Bon Secours for the sick, alms for the poor,  
And faith to make the hope of heaven secure,  
Are numerous missions of a saving grace  
To lift the lowly and exalt the race.  
But more! ah, more! when freedom's struggle came,  
By many records of historic fame  
The church has stood upon the side of right,  
And been the shining beacon tower of light,

Dispelling darkness of barbarian night  
That stayed the Titan hand of regal might.  
And if religious tolerance were the test  
To measure those who claim their faith the best,  
The Puritan would barely hold his own  
If all the narrowness of pride were shown,  
For in colonial times Lord Baltimore,  
—A Catholic, made every worship free;  
And Roger Williams opened wide the door  
Forbidding none whate'er his faith might be;  
While narrow bigots of sectarian schools,  
Togged out with all the cant of pompous fools,  
Taught our forefathers in quaint nasal pule  
To preach blue laws and straight fanatic rule.

With freedom came the age of Washington,  
Of Franklin, Hamilton and Jefferson,  
Until the grand sweet music of free thought  
Filled all the land for which our fathers fought;  
Then crossed the sea the old fight to renew  
And died upon the field of Waterloo.  
No, No! it did not die, that noble song,  
That tale of heroes and of righted wrong,  
Of shattered armies and of broken creeds;  
That brilliant history of noble deeds  
Will live in other lands with all its powers  
To speak in other tongues and times than ours.  
For while these deeds are written page on page  
The world has moved far from the Bourbon age.  
Napoleon's exile by Great Britain wrought  
Can never tend to fetter human thought.

Thus stood the waiting world by statesmen viewed  
When Cuba's cause for freedom was renewed,  
And Narcisa Lopez in 'fifty-one  
Had looked his last upon the setting Sun,  
When the old hero Grant in 'sixty-eight,  
After brave Sherman's march down to the sea,  
Declared Cuba deserved a better fate  
To round out freedom's glorious victory.  
'Twas then again the avarice clutch of power  
With venal hands postponed the welcome hour.



Ten years of bitter war then followed on,  
Guerillas like old Ghebers fought the Don,  
There youths of Spain with dusky heroes bled.

There dogs tear the unburied flesh of babes;  
There Cuban vultures fatten on the dead

And ghastly stand as sextons of the graves.  
And still they fought and never thought to yield,  
Foresworn by Heaven to die upon the field—  
Like demons fought from mountain fastness wild—  
Unburied dead the battle field defiled,  
Till promised freedom came on treacherous breath,  
And false autonomy led the way to death,  
By promise made, but made not to be kept,  
Seeking to win while nobler manhood slept,  
By treachery sought what force could not obtain,  
Cajoled brave men to yield and slaves remain,  
Till now again in 'ninety-five, behold  
War's slumbering fires that nothing can withhold  
Burst forth anew and wrap in lurid flames  
The cruel Spaniard and his sordid aims.

We see anon the swiftly gathering fight—  
The hidden guns searched out by flashing light—  
The hurrying squadrons and the gathering hosts—  
And hostile ships like specters on our coasts.  
But, ah! What awful sound bursts on our ear  
As if to curdle all the blood with fear.  
Oh, God! That cherished confidence how vain—  
"The treacherous Spaniard has blown up the Maine"  
For bare suspicion trumpeted world-wide  
Proclaims the crime by which our heroes died,  
Where none but Spanish hate could fire the train  
To be the cruel handiwork of Spain.

But 'tis not for Spain's recent crimes alone,  
It is not for the famished Cuban's moan,  
Nor seamen slain in Santiago's view,  
Nor sinking of our battleship and crew,  
We hear that cry for justice long and deep,  
For bitter wrongs stored up in vengeance's keep.  
But 'tis the modern world's indictment strong,  
That nerves free thought against the dungeon's wrong.

Through the dark ages till the brighter dawn—  
 Amid the countless crimes of ages gone,  
 A dripping sword uplifts in Jesus' name  
 Stained with the crimson dye of shame.

Hear ye that music and the coming tread,  
 The mournful requiem to unnumbered dead?  
 Hear ye that sad, hushed voice, that distant hum,  
 The plaintive funeral dirge, the muffled drum?  
 Then silence deep, so ominous and profound  
 That scarce a zephyr breathes its gentle sound?  
 Millions of victims with their stony stare—  
     They come, They come! From out the dusky past,  
 Myriads of ghostly phantoms in the air,  
     The crimes of centuries—a legion vast?  
 And bear the groans with which each martyr died,  
 Like mutterings of God's wrath ere tempests rise—  
 It comes, the warning of the world's reform,  
 Nature's grand calm before the coming storm.  
 Land of the free awake in vengeful might!  
 Unsheath thy sword in freedom's glorious fight!  
 Marshall thy hosts to wipe away the stain  
 And raise thy battle cry, the doom of Spain!

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## CANTO II.

PER-AM-PU-A.\*

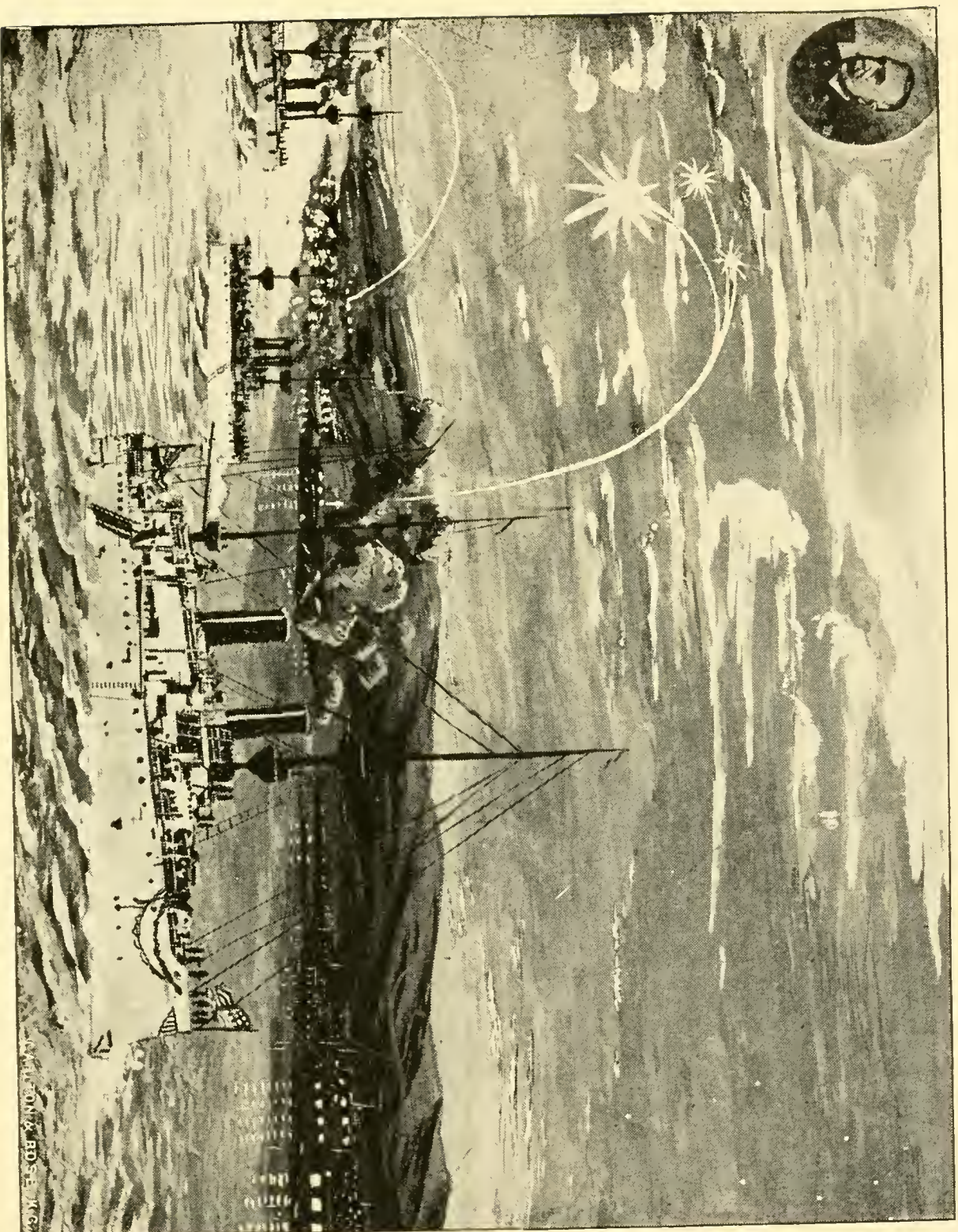
As lifts the veil of heaven in mortal time,  
     Undrapping houris, that as angels seem,  
 So waft the zephyrs of fair India's clime  
     To sweeten love to softest fairy dream.  
 As siren music lulls till nature weeps  
     Where dark eyed maiden of enchanted isles  
 Holds beauty's scepter while Adonis sleeps,  
     So dusky warriors bow beneath her wiles.  
 Amid luxuriance of these tropic groves,

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\* NOTE: Per-am-pu-a in the Malay tongue means womanhood.

Sprayed by the waters where the cascade falls  
From lofty heights where mountain streamlet roves  
And fountains gush above high castled walls,  
Dwelt Per-am-pu-a, whom her father's pride  
Had lavished all his treasured wealth upon  
And sought a trousseau for a royal bride,  
To deck the palace of some Spanish Don.  
Nor fair Laksmi with all her rarest grace—  
Goddess of beauty and of fortune's ease—  
Had ever blended in so sweet a face,  
Such comely features and such art to please.  
One she had met in far off isle before,  
Perchance Elysian fields of Singapore,  
Where orchid blooms and spices of Johor  
Breathe incense to her hero ever more,  
Came to her memory as a wandering star,  
Bright in the tranquil blue wherein it gleamed,  
To shine on pathways lit with hope afar  
And touch with splendor all that darkness seemed.  
Nameless, that star whose sweet effulgence shone,  
High in the zenith o'er her glowing dreams,  
While softened radiance reached from zone to zone,  
To flood with light supernal earthly scenes.  
Nameless?—He had a name, a country—but forlorn,  
An exiled soldier—whence his bark had steered  
To buffet with the winds of venture and the storm,  
Encroaching power had felt his hand and feared.  
But lured by gold the father plotted ill,  
And cursed the love that held his daughter thrall,  
While his panghula chiefs to pledge his will,  
Had clashed their swords within the Rajah's hall—  
Swore withering vengeance to the hand that took  
The brightest gem from princely repertoire,  
Or blighted with an impious thought or look,  
The fairest flower of love in all Johor.  
But Cupid laughs a parent's wrath to scorn,  
And the fair maid, to scape a ruthless hand,  
Fled from the Rajah's palace ere the morn  
To seek her lover in a distant land.  
In moss grown abbey, sacred to the nun,  
She found a refuge 'neath a priestly care,  
Within the island convent of Luzon,





Fearful, lest rifted clouds disclose the moon  
To shine on phantom ships concealed in gloom,  
Enter the mouth of that eventful bay  
Dreading Corregidor and Cavite.—[Page 20].





To pass whose portals Moslem might not dare;  
 Half hidden in dense tropic foliage deep  
 In rich embowered groves a walled retreat;  
 So sentineled by mountains high and steep,  
 By stealth alone these lovers dared to meet.  
 While Spanish bishop ruled that monastery  
     And read his Bible with such pious look—  
 Ah! Who could doubt his true divinity,  
     Drawn from the teachings of that holy book?  
 Alas! the frightened fawn pursued by hounds,  
     From present peril seeks a sheltered glen;  
 So Per-am-pu-a entered sacred grounds,  
     To find a wolf among the sons of men.  
 As one who fortunate finds a priceless charm,  
     So such a guardian of a precious child,  
 Has unrestrained the power to compass harm—  
     Nor maiden trusts when by a monk beguiled.  
 Immured in convent! Shut from light of day!  
     A nightly prisoner in a speechless cell!  
 No voice! No cry! She looks to heaven alone,  
     To guard her virtue from his purpose fell.

But listen now to great historic deeds,  
 That shape this drama filled with rapid scenes  
 On western isles and on the Philippines,  
 Till truth out soars the poet's wildest dreams.

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### CANTO III.

#### DEWEY'S VICTORY.

In that celestial province of Quon Tong,  
 Of which the naval center is Hong Kong,  
 Circled by waters of the China sea,  
 To us upon the globe the antipode—  
 Remote, in that delightful tropic clime,  
 Where feathered palm trees rise to heights sublime  
 And far the glittering lights of cities vast,  
 Cross the dark lines that forest shadows cast,



And reaching out long shafts of radiance  
That tremble on the waves of Ocean's dance—  
There softly sleeping in the star-lit night,  
While echoed music, as from distant height,  
Comes stealing gently o'er the rippling wave  
To charm the lovely scene that nature gave,  
Lies the Olympia, anchored near the shore,  
And on her deck the good ship's Commodore—  
A tranquil eye, a firm-set mouth and chin,  
True index of the slumbering force within;  
Modest in all things and unknown to fame,  
Possessed of daring that no dangers tame;  
When his proud spirit upward rose to meet  
The venture of a grandly brilliant feat,  
The lightning of his glance, and flashing eye,  
Told that he dared the powers of hell defy.  
A flash of genius from that dark'ning cloud  
That hung around his brow so stern and proud,  
Spoke of a courage and inherent force,  
A conscious power, so comet-like in course,  
That, though the impossible in its pathway lay,  
Like thunderbolt, his will would find a way.

Now Hong Kong hears the rising press of steam,  
In pulsing throb along each vessel's beam,  
While sailors chafe the Squadron's long delay,  
And cheer the signal to get under way;  
For our great captain, urged as though anew,  
Moves to the sequel of his plan in view,  
And, to the navy, orders now impart  
The bustling preparations to depart,  
While waiting there with watchful eye o'er all,  
'Twas thus soliloquized our Admiral:  
"The news has come across the distant main,  
That war involves America and Spain,  
Also a mandate from Great Britain says, 'Away!  
No warlike ships in neutral harbors stay.'  
So on the morrow we set sail for Mirs,  
Then Subig, if no power deters,  
And if we find Spain's fleet, without delay,  
Such meeting ushers in a bloody fray.  
Should Montejo hide near Manila's guns,

"We follow there, though as the story runs,  
"Grim dangers lurk and numerous mines abound,  
"Concealed in waters of that dismal sound;  
"Though Cavite and isle Corregidor  
Have heavy guns that make a noise like Thor,  
"To force that harbor, I'm resolved to try,  
In bold attempt to conquer—or to die.  
"The proclamation drawn by Augusti  
Assumes that we're engaged in piracy—  
Hints that we wish to steal his black-eyed maids,  
And loot the churches in our brigand raids,  
Like sacrilegious hordes that conquered Rome  
And drove the humble peasant from his home.  
"To judge his neighbor he condemns himself,  
So rife for plunder and so prone to pelf.  
"These Heaven-bound pilgrims crave the gold ingots,  
Nor will this leopard ever change his spots—  
"Train him, tame him, educate him as you will,  
"One born a Spaniard will be Spaniard still.

"If as reports and current rumors say,  
"Those deadly mines are hidden in the bay,  
We softly glide above each signal wire  
And gunners will not know the time to fire;  
And when they would explode the fatal mines  
The watch tower gets too late the secret signs.  
"Twill not succeed as when they wrecked the Maine,  
While guards are sleeping that would fire the train.  
Their guns well-served which well-served will not be,  
Might sink a fleet if gunners could but see  
Within the shadowy gloom when darkness hides.  
Such marksmen scarce could hit a vessel's sides,  
Though they had served their guns in broad daylight,  
Much less when ships mysterious blend in night.  
"To plan a coup d'etat—a grand surprise—  
A dash at night to stun them when they rise,  
Lends force that deals destruction to the foe  
"Ten-fold as strong when none expect the blow."

At Singapore awaits a chieftain bold,  
In whose dark eyes the pride of all his race  
Joined with the daring of the Khans of old

An artful cunning and a native grace—  
 In whom ambition's restless thirst for power  
 Had wrought a hero's soul for peril's hour—  
 Such Aguinaldo, able to command,  
 Was hailed as chief of Phillipino's land.  
 As came the minstrel of a bygone day  
 With trembling hand and bent with age, and grey,  
 Yet skilled to touch the heart's responsive key  
 And sing his wonders o'er the sounding sea,  
 A veteran sailor came the tale to tell—  
 Adventures a bold Malay chief befell;  
 Encouraged by the Captain's kindly eye,  
 He thus began his tale of daring high:

"Proud that his mother was a Tagal born,  
 Son of a native chief who, great in wealth,  
 Would his loved son with priestly robes adorn  
 And train him in the monkish ways of stealth,  
 Bound the lad firmly to the Spanish creed;  
 To educate him with the constant aim  
 That he would prove a strength in time of need  
 To hold intact the Papal power of Spain.  
 It often has been said that man proposes,  
 But that Almighty God alone disposes.  
 This Indian student in the white man's school,  
 Who sailed for Madrid as the priesthood's tool,  
 Knew 'twas quite well to learn to read and write,  
 To master grammar and to figure right,  
 Construct a sandwich or a mango pie,  
 To learn to live aright and how to die,  
 To 'love your neighbor as you love yourself,'  
 'Do good to those that hate you,' 'Seek no pelf,'  
 To tell the truth and keep the golden rule,  
 Ten mandates in St. Peter's vestibule.  
 But when the Spaniard tried to teach his love  
 With his pretended spirit of a dove,  
 His charity, equity and mercy,  
 His philanthropy and his honesty,  
 In sanctity by fasts on holy days  
 With lofty peans of eternal praise,  
 While whosoever shall his brother smite  
 Upon the right cheek, turn the left also



To him, that he may gratify his spite,  
Was practiced by those unctuous saints below—  
'Whoever shall for justice make demand  
Smite his right cheek and when again he turns  
Smite also on the left,' with heavy hand,  
That he may know the rule that mercy spurns;  
And 'If a man will sue thee at the law  
And take away thy coat,' in wholesome awe,  
'Then 'let him have thy cloak' was made to read—  
'If thou shall sue a man and his coat take  
Then forthwith seize his cloak whate'er his need,  
Though he should make outcry for justice sake.  
When this untutored savage caught a glimpse  
Of civilization, through the gauzy veil  
Baptismal fountains gave the naked nymphs—  
Peering behind hypocrisy saw the jail,  
Prisons and police, soldiers and law courts,  
Inquisitions, bull fights and cockpit sports,  
Cannon, swords, muskets and engines of death,  
And heavy taxes on each indrawn breath,  
A Christian land with lock on every door,  
To keep from theft a guard on every floor,  
Each seeking vantage o'er his fellow man,  
And none that strive know how the strife began;  
And when he caught the sights of brothel slums  
In monasteries of that Christian land,  
And tried to calculate the fabulous sums  
So oft extorted by a priestly hand  
To build cathedrals for the harlot Rome  
And starve the land to build St. Peter's dome,  
Then, after several years of study there,  
This Aguinaldo boldly did declare:  
'So far as priesthood goes, no more for me,  
For a skilled soldier I'd much rather be.'  
So he was drafted in the native troops,  
Officered by the Spaniard who never stoops  
To offer more than a subaltern's place  
To a colonial chief of native race.  
'Twas thus he served in this Hidalgo train  
Till two years since, knowing the purpose vain,  
This native nobleman, Aguinaldo,  
With his com-patriot, Alexandro,

Organized revolt of these wild men,  
Made for Spain's officers a slaughter pen,  
And shot them all while on a dress parade,  
Look to the trackless swamp and everglade,  
And on the mattees of the upland plain  
Five thousand warriors held defiant reign,  
Charging from fastness of some mountain den,  
Like thunderbolt from every hidden glen,  
Raiding the castles of the Spanish Don  
Throughout the fertile valleys of Luzon.  
To such extent these ravages were felt,

That Governor General Bassillio  
Who, with such bribed assassins often dealt,  
To anyone who had the nerve to go,  
Pledged twenty thousand pesetas reward  
To bring the head of Luzon's traitor lord.

A week and Bassillio received a line  
From Aguinaldo, thus: 'I need the sum  
And will myself deliver in due time.'

Bold words that struck the Don with wonder dumb,  
Ten days and then the typhoon wildly raged,  
The hurricane burst as if a tiger caged,  
Tore everything within its deadly path  
Till vengeance faltered at the tempest's wrath;  
The rain came down as if Siva had hurled  
In twain the flood gates of the upper world,  
And howling through the raging Sulu sea,  
Swept on, through the long stretch of Palawan,  
Amid the lightnings flash and thunders roar,  
And died away on Mindanao's shore.

'Twas then a monk in priestly garb appeared  
And passed the kneeling guards who nothing feared,  
But reverent crossed their breast with holy sign  
As the good man passed in with look benign,  
Asking, in careless way, if 'unengaged

His excellency could be found within.'  
The answer, 'Yes!' safe conduct there presaged;

To see the ruse the Don did not begin,  
As some one entered did not turn his head.

Thinking 'twas some sinner to confess his sin,  
Believing all was well he nothing said;  
Perchance it was some literary feast

His secretary had planned to write about;  
'Twas not the scribe that entered but the priest,  
Who said, 'Peace be with you!' to quiet doubt.  
The cleric dropped his cloak and locked the door  
And said, 'Know ye the Luzon chieftain here?  
Bassillio knows him well, and what is more,  
If he but pays the score he need not fear,  
But if he dares for once to raise a cry,  
Behold this deadly weapon lifted high,  
A shining blade raised by a Malay hand  
To kill thee, Spaniard, who has cursed the land.  
Here I have brought you Aguinaldo's head,  
Pay the reward, expedito!' he said.  
The Don, astonished at the brigand bold,  
Quite promptly paid the sum in Spanish gold;  
The chief wrote a receipt while yet he talked,  
Counted the money coolly as he walked  
Backward until the door was safely reached  
That by a sudden blow was quickly breached—  
Dodging a pistol ball that grazed the locks  
Upon his temples as he made the dash  
With lion's courage and in craft a fox—  
A hair-breadth 'scape from an attempt most rash.  
The Adalantado gave each rebel khan  
A goodly sum as premium for his ban,  
Wealth and free pardon if he would depart.  
Well versed in wiles of Machiavelian art  
The native chieftains thus impelled by fate  
Then shrewdly took the gold and quit the State;  
Later they learned the church assassins' plans  
To have their blood upon her sacred hands.  
The two who planned the deed next night were found,  
Stabbed to the heart, by sentry on his round,  
And on the dagger's hilt the words we trace:  
'Beware the vengeance of the Malay race!'

Midnight had passed, the fickle moon gone down  
Beyond the ancient walls of Mongol town,  
And our proud ships to other refuge find  
Had left that ancient harbor far behind.  
When the bright Surya from his morning dreams  
Rose dripping from fair Indra's sea-wrought cave



And lit the landscape with his mellow beams,  
Showing his pearls of light upon the wave,  
Cast mirage of pagoda, tower and spire  
And dome and minaret glistening in the sun,  
Burnishing with gold that gleamed like distant fire  
Upon the far blue mountain range beyond,  
Our squadron reached the noble harbor sought,  
And here at Mirs our gathering strength is brought.  
Nanshan and Zafiro joined the honored roll,  
Laden with full supply of Cardiff coal,  
Till came a time, when every duty done,  
The voyage toward Manila is begun,  
Proudly our ships move outward from the bay,  
And, steaming grandly forth, sailed on their way.  
The band chants music of Volifuoco,  
Strikes up the stirring tune of "Boys in Blue,"  
But when we reach the open sea's expanse,  
And Cathay lands are fading from the glance,  
Then "Yankee Doodle" lifts the Yankee pride  
And rousing cheers float o'er the ocean wide.  
Last the "Star Spangled Banner's" bugle call,  
Braver, stronger and nobler than them all,  
Closes the concert, and a thousand men  
Take up the words and sing the song again.  
Southeasterly, in form that wild geese fly,  
Or in the crescent shape they onward hie,  
Drilling with patient labor day by day  
Till they are off the mouth of Subig bay.  
The Concord, Baltimore and Boston dare  
To hunt the Spaniard from his hidden lair,  
Search here in vain and on they noiseless creep  
Like crouching tigers, on the trackless deep.  
As cautiously they hail each passing boat,  
Hushed is the martial tone and trumpet note,  
With all extinguished save one glimmering light  
Upon the ghostly outline of the night  
Which, on the Zafiro, now far astern  
A lonely star continues yet to burn.  
They move on like the shadowy forms of death;  
"Prepare for action," comes a whispered breath.  
Fearful, lest rifling clouds disclose the moon  
To shine on phantom ships concealed in gloom,





Into Spain's subterranean dungeons she had peered,  
The witness of the crimes of ages past,  
That made her bloody history a record dark  
Of cruelty and wrong that will outlast  
The better genius of a race of nobler caste.—[Page 24].





Enter the mouth of that eventful bay  
Dreading Corregidor and Cavite.  
At deepest midnight from the southern shore  
Comes flashing light and then a cannon's roar,  
A flying shell is seen and heard on high,  
Passing the boat McCulloch harmless by.  
The coming of the squadron scarce is known,  
And it glides past ere yet the gauntlet's thrown.  
A pause! a rocket here! a rocket there!  
Ascending beacons of the upper air,  
A breathless lull! and then a Boston gun!  
Answering shots and nothing further done.  
Silent our ships sailed toward the inner bay  
To where Montejo and his gunboats lay,  
And all the secrets of the coming fight  
Are folded in the mantle of the night.

'Twas daybreak on Cavite bay  
When cannon smote the coming day,  
And booming guns from far and wide  
Sound echoing o'er the swelling tide.  
There heroes saw with coming light  
Manila's monsters of the fight  
Loom up before them grim and black,  
And heard the gatlings snarl and crack,  
All blending in continuous roar,  
A hundred deep-mouthed guns or more,  
Belching their rage in shot and flame,  
In fatal chance of Death's own game,  
Where shells went screaming through the air  
And burning missiles everywhere.  
But when responding to that raid,  
Our guns their deep-toned answer made,  
The steadier pulse of heavy rolling sound,  
Reverberating o'er the hills around,  
Spoke of the thunder's deeper, louder knell  
That came to toll the Spaniard's last farewell.  
Five times our ships in panoramic view  
Passed by the vessels of Montejo's crew,  
Like foxes doubling in the sportsman's chase,  
Straining their sinews to endure the race,  
Fronting those awful guns, both sea and land,

As waiting there the hostile forces stand,  
While each time that we this maneuver make,  
Nearer advancing new positions take,  
And there pour in our storm of shot and shell,  
Out-baying the Cerberean hounds of Hell.  
The Spanish fleet now moved so far inshore,  
At longer range a steady fire we pour.  
In desperate hope to win the deadly fray  
Montejo gets Christiana under way,  
Bears down upon the Olympia with her prow  
As if to run her down and crush her bow—  
A charge upon the whole of Dewey's fleet  
Which our guns gathered all their fire to meet.  
Pierced by a shell that ranges through her length,  
She turns to fly, a giant shorn of strength;  
Then pausing there as if to take a breath,  
Disabled fights till pounded unto death.  
A fire breaks out and she is wrapped in flames  
Which smolder on far in the coming night  
Till the black hulk a shattered wreck remains,  
Upon that lurid sea a hapless sight.  
The Castilia, Christiana's nearest mate,  
About this time has met a direful fate—  
A monster shell her boiler works destroys  
And she is skyward blown with deafening noise,  
And all on board are toward the heavens tossed,  
Or downward in the gurgling waters lost.  
Torpedo boats from old Morono's shore,  
To strike the Olympia's advancing hull,  
Met with broadsides are never heard of more.  
Two hours of constant battle, then a lull  
Is signaled from our flag ship to our tars,  
While still the Spaniards blaze their sheeted flame  
From all their batteries, like true sons of Mars,  
Oath-bound to show the world that Spain dies game.  
The brilliant sun of that bright tropic day,  
Obscured from sight by drifting battle clouds,  
Gave to that blue lagoon no cheering ray,  
But to false Spain an omen of her shroud—  
Gave to her darkened hopes a sombre hue,  
Cast the red light of burning ships in view,  
On the background of that mournful tableau.

When firing ceased 'twas but the awful pause  
In the dire conflict of a desperate cause.  
With hundreds struggling in the throes of pain,  
Mid shrieks of wounded men who call in vain,  
And dying groans that might the world appall,  
Heaven on the first act lets the curtain fall.

Three hours of rest and then the signal came:  
"Once more arouse, avengers of the Maine!"  
For these grim actors of the play withdrew  
To shift the scenes and then the fight renew.  
Our squadron moves on Spain with banners spread,  
Proud Dewey on the Olympia at its head.  
Now the Baltimore speeding like a dart,  
In the fierce battle takes a leading part,  
Making a dash she silenced Cavit' fort,  
And blew the arsenal up with loud report.  
The little Petrel seeks the inner bay  
To aid where Boston, Concord, Raleigh lay;  
And now it is the grandest scenes begin  
Amid a heavy cannonading din,  
And with the blaze and noise and stunning blare  
Of Spain's Armada's awful burning glare,  
The Ulloa, Austria, Cuba with their dead  
Are thundered at with shot and iron hail,  
Till sunk, blown up and burned there's scarce a shred  
Left of that Spanish fleet to tell the tale.  
The few remaining ships of Montejo  
Of lighter draft, in safety seek to go—  
Drawn far away to distant Bacoar's shore:  
The troop ship, Mindanao, several more,  
Are followed by the Boston and Concord  
Far into that dark midnight of discord,  
And there are burned unto the water's edge.  
Till Mercy calls to close a scene so dire,  
Fierce Moloch paints on sky a sea of fire  
That lights the corpse that floats along the sedge  
And the brave gunner whose dead body lies  
Half out of Christiana's weird barbette  
Where silent floaters from dark waters rise,  
For whom the sun has now forever set.



Prowlers for pillage on the field remain  
 To kill the wounded and to rob the slain,  
 And many a victim with half charred remains  
 Is there to swell the ghouls' ill gotten gains.  
 In mockery of war's vanity and pride,  
 Written in blood stains on that sullen tide,  
 An hundred corsair crews with ribald song  
 Plunder the Spanish dead the shores along,  
 And from the debris of the arsenal,

And from the many sunk and floating wrecks,  
 Natives, wide-hatted, black and farcical,

Swift glide in boats to load them to the decks;  
 With wanton jest and with a lawless ease,  
 Bear off whatever vandal hands can seize,  
 Like skulking jackals, following in the wake,  
 To gather spoils the lion scorns to take—  
 To stop these lootings Reason calls in vain  
 While tolling bells proclaim the scourge of Spain.

#### THE LAMENT.

In Madrid's quiet streets at midnight's mystic hour,  
 The same round moon that sits as Queen of Night  
 Over the fires that blazed upon the Philippines  
 Whispered the mournful sadness of the sight  
 She saw upon the shore where shone her softened light.

After that dreadful cannonade she told of dead  
 Upon the waters of Manila bay,  
 Hundreds wounded and slain that were the pride and boast  
 Of Spain ere the disaster of that day  
 Had cast her star of empire downward on its way.

Into Spain's subterranean dungeons she had peered,  
 The witness of the crimes of ages past,  
 That made her bloody history a record dark  
 Of cruelty and wrong that will outlast  
 The better genius of a race of nobler caste.

Saw God's vice-gerent sell his tender lambs for bribes—  
 Lambs stolen from the Savior's sacred fold—

Saw Spain, with grasp of avarice and clutch of power,  
Barter indulgences to sin for gold;  
Undone from that sad hour when Heaven itself was sold.

Montejo, gloomy, saw the mournful cortege pass,  
Sad and dejected bearing to the grave  
The brave Christiana's captain's torn and mangled form—  
Heard clods sound on the coffin of the brave;  
Heard too, the muttered prayer; saw funeral draperies wave.

Then, he lamenting all the vanity of earth,  
Soliloquizing, asks: "Why is this woe  
So centered in its wrath upon God's holy church?  
Why does the world become her bitter foe,  
And all her deeds of Christian mercy fail to know?"

"But yesterday we thought to stand against the world,  
Swollen with vanity and idle boasts—  
Today empires have vanished from beneath our feet,  
Heretic vandals sweep with fire our coasts,  
Insult Spain's honor and offend the Lord of Hosts.

"How are the mighty fallen from their high estate!  
Alas! how false the grandeur of our seat!  
How vain the empty show of Spanish pride and strength,  
When in grim battle we attempt to meet  
The thunder of the guns of Dewey's daring fleet!

"What a vain-glorious thing becomes the life of man  
When all existence here is but the bud  
Of those celestial flowers that only bloom in Heaven!  
Why do we float upon this carnal flood  
To stain in guilt our sacred robes with human blood?"

"Manila's land locked bay is full of dirge like sounds;  
Grief for the cause for which our heroes died,  
The solemn dead march with its pomp and nodding plumes,  
Oh, daughter of the night! pale and sad-eyed!  
Look down in pity on the Spaniard's fallen pride!"

## CANTO IV.

## THE ARRAIGNMENT.

When Freedom gemmed her glorious azure field  
To emblem thirteen states on flag unfurled,  
To Liberty herself a space was sealed  
For added stars to light her through the world.  
The Nation grew and waxing great and strong,  
In time became the Nemesis of wrong;  
But with her birth and with her earlier breath,  
As life is but the harbinger of death,  
There germinated in the breast of Pride,  
The seeds of treason, growing rank and wide;  
A lust for power whose deadly upas hate  
Presaged to Freedom an untimely fate;  
The wicked greed, of men of sordid aim,  
Who craved great wealth, or sought for mortal fame—  
A country full of economic fools,  
Of selfish interests made the servile tools;  
A strife of bulls and bears who trade in gold—  
A horde of thieves, like wolves within the fold,  
Each day enhancing with a selfish vice,  
Their hoard of treasure in the dollar's price—  
Laying their taxes, not on thrift and wealth,  
But on what slaves consume, by tariff stealth;  
And for each dollar of the tribute laid  
For public revenue, ten more are made  
To fill the coffers of the favored few,  
Who scramble for and grasp all wealth in view.  
Shrewd plans are these that work complete surprise,  
By crafty schemes that rob men in disguise—  
Deceptions, that detected and made plain,  
Would be despised by every man that's sane.

The bond and dollar spectre brought the reign  
Of Gorgons hungry for the blood of gain,  
For dollars worth one third the price of gold,  
A mortgage on posterity was sold  
And premium given to be from taxes freed,  
While usury vampires all our arteries bleed.  
Thus love of lucre brought our land to this—



Treason to country in a Judas kiss!  
As Caesar poured libations to his soul,  
    Spraying his native altars with his blood,  
Appeased the Gods upon Ambition's goal—  
    A sacrifice to stay the crimson flood,  
And usher an Augustan age of peace,  
Where all the nobler arts of man increase,  
America's brave sons their offering gave,  
Shedding their blood the Union cause to save;  
But when the war was closed a great parade,  
To talk up senseless vanity was made,  
And avarice claimed the honor of the fight.  
Those who had fought but to defend the right  
Were soon persuaded to admit the fact,  
And Congress passed "The credit strengthening act"—  
Not strengthening credit but the creditors!—  
A crime which every honest man abhors.  
The war debt almost three billions made  
By such atrocious laws, which must be paid,  
Was doubled in its weight—to pay the bonds  
In coin, which first were bought with current funds;  
Coin being then at premium on account  
Of doubtful war—that caused the gold to mount;  
For who can augur what results may be,  
When war shall toss our ship of state at sea?  
For when the fiercer storm has sunk to rest,  
Still, billows roll with wrecks upon their crest;  
The waters slowly, not at once subside,  
But yet mount up in waves that swell the tide,  
And now bond pirates, a relentless crew,  
With skull and cross bones plainly seen in view,  
Trumpet the Ship of State, the words "Heave to!"  
"Deliver us coin bonds! or we'll sink you!"  
But scarce this order made in 'sixty-nine,  
Is answered when they close each silver mine,  
In which the bankers of the world all join  
To stop the mintage of the peoples' coin—  
Silver demonetized, in seventy three,  
Has thus deprived our trade on land and sea  
Of half the money of the world at once—  
Who could approve, save a financial dunce?  
When this has raised the value of the gold

Under the new demand, at least two fold?  
Benefiting the bankers selfish crowd!  
Whereby they were with sudden wealth endowed!  
Doubling the second time the public debt!  
Doubling all private debts, that must be met,  
Contracted through our own extravagance,  
Grown from the recklessness of war's expanse!  
Doubling fixed incomes and all private hoards,  
And letting debtors feast on empty gourds!  
And falling prices under Treasury rules  
Quadrupling loads on human backs, like mules  
That burdened to the death stagger and fall,  
And aggravating this by throwing all  
The taxes on their humble poverty,  
To shield the trusts and let the rich go free!  
By this, and that—a thousand crimes untold!  
These autocrats of wealth, now grown quite bold,  
By deeds most foul and un-American  
Compassed the ruin of the under man.  
Thus rogues, on the blind side of honest worth,  
Succeed by fraud in duping all the earth  
To bear a yoke and be industrial slaves  
And work the purposes of fools and knaves;  
Corrupting courts, that stood an hundred years  
For income taxes, till it now appears,  
Ninety per cent of wealth pays ten of tax;  
While ten, unfavored, pays what ninety lacks.  
So, after thirty years of paying debts  
And making all the laws for favored pets—  
After the rule that coin means gold is made  
And every debt in interest three times paid—  
Then doubled up, and debtors oft betrayed;  
To pay these debts, all men must money buy—  
How could they do it with the price so high?

After the people found the funding scheme,  
At what was lower interest, as 'twould seem,  
Was never once allowed to be released,  
Until the price of gold had so increased,  
The new was higher than the old had been,  
Enhanced by value of the coin 'twas in,  
And payments, after all was said and done,

Had left the debtor where he first begun,  
Because the unit always grew in size;  
So that the decreased number seemed to rise.  
All products scaled at gold standard price  
Stagnated trade and held it like a vice;  
Property going down, none dare invest  
In any enterprise of thrift, and lest,  
By active push, one lost more than he gained,  
All sank discouraged and in sloth remained.

Thus unused labor vastly multiplied  
And tramps infested every country side;  
Those homeless wanderers ordered to "move on,"  
Became a source of danger to Bon 'Lon.  
And now by falsehood, that would shame a thief,  
Our common folks were given, for relief,  
Assertions, that prosperity had come,  
Which far from true are still believed by some;  
While by another class they are denied  
And many more are doubtful yet beside .  
Others quite sure such real things exist,  
Are coupon clippers who in fact persist,  
For now their holdings bring the highest price  
And yield a harvest by the shrewd device  
Of drawing interest on the notes they owe.  
Under the heartless scheme, the bankers know.  
The strong are striving to oppress the weak,  
So false their purpose, yet so seeming meek.  
A thousand other wrongs we might rehearse—  
Cumbersome details unfit for lofty verse.

Thus fared our country when the tidings came  
That cruel Spaniards had destroyed the Maine.  
The breaking out of war gave some relief  
And hope of better things became belief.  
America responded to the call  
To save the Cubans from the tyrant's thrall,  
And for the cause of man, to war invoke,  
The voice of a united people spoke.  
But still the sordid money kings presume  
To bear the nation to its threatened doom,  
And now the evidence more strong appears,



Till our belief is conquered by our fears  
 That avarice wishes not to conquer Spain  
 But our own people here, that kings may reign.  
 The Wall street gang, on whom bondholders dote—  
 A monied power, takes Congress by the throat  
 And says: "You cannot free the Cuban land,  
 Until you pay the price we ask in hand."

The scent of blood has roused the wolfish pack  
 And daring huntsmen hurl the wild beasts back,  
 So, statesmen in heroic battle fought,  
 To shield the heart of right, that Casca sought,  
 And stay the hand of guilty power,  
 That lobbied Congress in that trying hour,  
 And drove it to commit the venal crime  
 Of issuing obligations on long time,  
 When other means that usury did not bear  
 Were pointed out by patriots as more fair.  
 Which ways were right, as well the sequel showed.  
 Three months—and Spain was nought but episode,  
 And ready millions paid the honest score;  
 Bonds were not needed as was urged before—  
 All this to prove the avarice of man,  
 Who seeks for much, and takes what e'er he can.

Oh! palsied be the traitorous hand of those,  
 Who seek to fatten on their countries woes!  
 Whose avaricious hearts can never feel  
 The true impulses of a patriot's zeal!  
 Who watch the nation in the throes of pain,  
 Only for purposes of selfish gain,  
 And count her dying pulses latest throb,  
 While they devise the surest scheme to rob!  
 Oh! for a tongue to curse the princely knaves ,  
     Who, in the lust of power and greed for gold,  
 Would vilely trample over new made graves  
     And make their wealth the price of virtue sold!  
 Who, when war's bugle heard throughout the land  
 Re-echoes once again its stern command,  
 Are seen as monsters, poised above the clouds,  
 Above the smoke of battle which enshrouds,  
 Towering aloft, enthroned in upper air,

With selfish greed their first and only care,  
Drowning the clash of steel, or shout of Dons—  
Roar louder than the voice of war, "MORE BONDS!!"

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## CANTO V.

### THE SEIGE OF SANTIAGO.

Spain such deep insult could not lightly brook—  
On such debasement could not idly look.  
That her proud squadron of the eastern seas,  
Should be destroyed by "Yankee Pigs" with ease—  
Fired up the arrogance of haughty souls,  
That breathed its hatred forth as burning coals.  
Electric power had flashed the telegram,  
Across the ocean wide to Uncle Sam:  
"Cervera fights—vengeance is coming soon!  
Those who insult fair Spain like dogs must die."  
Of old we'd say, "there's blood upon the Moon,  
Behind her broom the witch now sails the sky."  
The Spanish fleet, with all its iron hail,  
From Cape Verde Isles, is ordered to set sail  
Under the Almirante, Cervera;  
Maria, Colon, Oquendo and Vizcaya—  
Cruisers well armoured, and with heavy guns—  
The Terror and the Pluton's rapid runs;  
A powerful array of deadly steel,  
On a bold mission, to make Yankees feel  
The sting of vengeance of the haughty race,  
That with malignant hatred spurns disgrace.

Then came a time of painful deep suspense,  
Along extended lines of coast defense.  
Nor Sampson knew, nor Schley the where or when,  
The threatened bolt would strike Columbia's men.  
The actors played upon the world's great stage,  
The mighty drama of the Spaniards' rage.  
Vague rumors came of where their ships had steered.  
Behind blue curtains of far distant space,

Mysterious and uncertain, always feared,  
 Lurked those black monsters, with grim visaged face  
 While Schley at Hampton, Sampson at Key West,  
 Await the coming of their silent guest,  
 Sighted off Newfoundland—then Martinique,  
 The Isle of Curracoa, prowling like a wolf,  
 Seen and unseen, shadowy and unique,  
 Lost in the hazy distance of the gulf—  
 Wrapped in the tempests and the clouds of night;  
 Vanished like dreams before the morning light.  
 Schley's flying squadron, near Santiago,  
 Watched for the arrows from the skulking foe;  
 Sampson with ships, Iowa in the van,  
 Guarding the Windward Pass and Yucatan.  
 Meanwhile the ports of Cuba were blockaded,  
 And many ships with Spanish flags were raided,  
 And towed as prizes into Federal port,  
 Though Spain had not appeared in naval court.  
 Then came the bombardment of Matanzas  
 San Juan, Cienfuegos and Cardenas.  
 The Oregon had sailed ten thousand miles,  
 Reached lesser Antilles and Windward Isles,  
 And closed the mouth of that Caribbean net,  
 Formed by the numerous isles, that fate had set,  
 Against the shores of twin Americas.  
 Cervera, off Jamaica's coast appears  
 And greeted Santiago's loud huzzas,  
 Under full head of steam, as if his fears  
 Were wrought upon by goblins in his wake,  
 And he had thought O'Shanter in the stake.  
 He dashed into the harbor like a ball,  
 Struck by the cue of Fate's resistless call.  
 From broader circles down to narrow ones,  
 In nature's illustration aptly comes;  
 The Universe, the system of our Sun,  
 The World, The Ocean—and sea Caribbean—  
 The Bay Santiago—the Inner one,  
 And there find the Armada—Cerverian,  
 The Colon too—the flagship of the fleet,  
 The Almirante, in his state room greet;  
 A prudent limit for ambitious man,  
 Whose pride is broader than creation's span.



Napoleon at Helena's rockbound isle,  
Was not more strictly held in durance vile,  
Than Cervera, self banished from the sea;  
As one who locks a door, then throws the key;  
With no escape, nor yet a prompt pursuit  
A narrow channel later filled with wrecks,  
High castled battlements, from which to shoot,  
A plunging fire upon our cruisers' decks,  
With hidden mines, and forts on either side,  
A range of guns, that braver powers defied,  
Threatening to sink the navies of the world,  
With bolts from terraced rocks in thunder hurled.

On July first of Eighteen 'ninety-eight,  
Pursuant to the plans of former date,  
We first approached, by Guantanamo,  
The Spanish stronghold of Santiago.  
Americans from Tampa, Florida,  
First feign attack upon Cabanitos,  
In force we landed at Daiqiri bay,  
Accomplished safely and with trifling loss.  
Roosevelt's men ambushed at Siboney!  
Then a great battle surges round Caney.  
In three divisions our brave troops arrayed,  
Advance and Capron opens cannonade;  
Wheeler's and Roosevelt's horsemen roughly ride;  
Garcia and Cubans join the onward tide;  
Lawton's brigade sweeps onward to the north,  
Carry El Caney driving Spaniards forth  
Headlong to Santiago in retreat.  
While Hawkin's force the enemy's center greet,  
And Kent's brigade engaged in desperate fight,  
Press on to Aguadores on the right,  
Strongly sustained by Sampson and his fleet;  
Dislodge the foe and drive them as they meet;  
While northern troops by force of burning sun,  
Are stricken down as by the deadly gun.  
Night sank upon a conflict hotly waged  
Upon a field where fearful carnage raged;  
A strife in which both armies met defeat,  
Neath the intensity of tropic heat.  
And there they seemed to pause, each to await,

The movement of the hidden hand of fate.

Blockaded there the Spanish Admiral lay,  
Close bottled up in Santiago bay,  
Majestic war ships floating idly by,  
And Morro's frowning battlements looming high.  
Why then does cautious Sampson hesitate?  
Fears he indeed that myth of threatening guns,  
With timid hope, that fake of danger shuns?  
Those able captains, Evans, Clark and Schley,  
Restrained by orders given, we know not why!  
Among them those who should have made their mark!  
Perchance like Dewey, dashing in the dark,  
Who proved the truth upon the first of May,  
That where there is a will there is a way!  
The hero of the hour, who is he now?  
Where rests the laurels? On what noble brow?  
Do men of iron will control their fate?  
And high promotions come to those who wait?  
Why does he doubtful in that harbor peer?  
Brood o'er the many hidden mines in fear?  
Does that old fortress, frowning 'gainst the sky,  
Intimidate a soul with purpose high?  
Or if in fear of contact mines below  
To clog the channel why should Hobson go?  
To clear it would have been a braver deed,  
If only Dewey had been there to lead!  
Can not true heroes wield environments?  
And can they not create the circumstance?  
But if environments all action mould  
And circumstance alone makes heroes bold,  
Then, greatness falls and fortune takes its place,  
And prestige, won by turning of an ace,  
Is lost again by shuffle of a card,  
To him who fights, or him who stands on guard;  
While qualities that make a conquerer win,  
May make him lose, if he but try again.  
Yet, true it is—'tis something in the man,  
That carries with his force success of plan.  
A brilliant thought that meets half way the fact;  
Defies all evil by the mascot, tact;  
Does a thing quickly, if it must be done;

Don't tell the world and have it on the run  
To turn aside an exploit just begun  
And stop him ere he fires the opening gun;  
Eschews all bombast and all vain pretence,  
Discards red tape, depending more on sense,  
Avoids the talkers and the little doers,  
Since secrecy of plan success insures.

Our Admiral sailed eastward from the fort  
On the New York, that Shafter might report,  
And while he slowly reconnoitered there,  
The Spaniard took his chance to do and dare.  
A cruiser loomed in view outside the bay,  
Turned sharply to the right and steamed away;  
Another followed, and another still,  
And then the fourth steamed onward with a will,  
The Terror and the Pluton in the rear,  
All speed like devils in their mad career,  
Their boilers loaded with the rush of steam,  
Their funnels roaring with a horrid scream;  
Desperate, the ship Teresa opens fire,  
And soon our steel clads summon up their ire,  
Answering and reanswering in our sight;  
Batteries joined the melee with their might;  
All belching smoke that darkened Heaven's light—  
Rolling in black above the central fight.  
Hark! the Oregon! Iowa's opening gun!  
Then our whole squadron joining as in one!  
While floating war clouds hide the shining Sun—  
Bang! Boom! Crash! Blaze on Blaze and roar on roar!  
Such burst of Hell on earth never before,  
Thundered with voice that bellowed more and more—  
Reverberating on the echoing shore!  
Teresa, Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon—  
Demolished, with the Terror and Pluton!  
Sailors and captains do their duty well.  
Each ship crew can its brave adventures tell.  
The Texas, Indiana and New York,  
Aid in the struggle and do noble work.  
West of the mouth of Santiago bay,  
The War God casts on shore, in light of day,  
Garlands of blood and trophies of the fight—



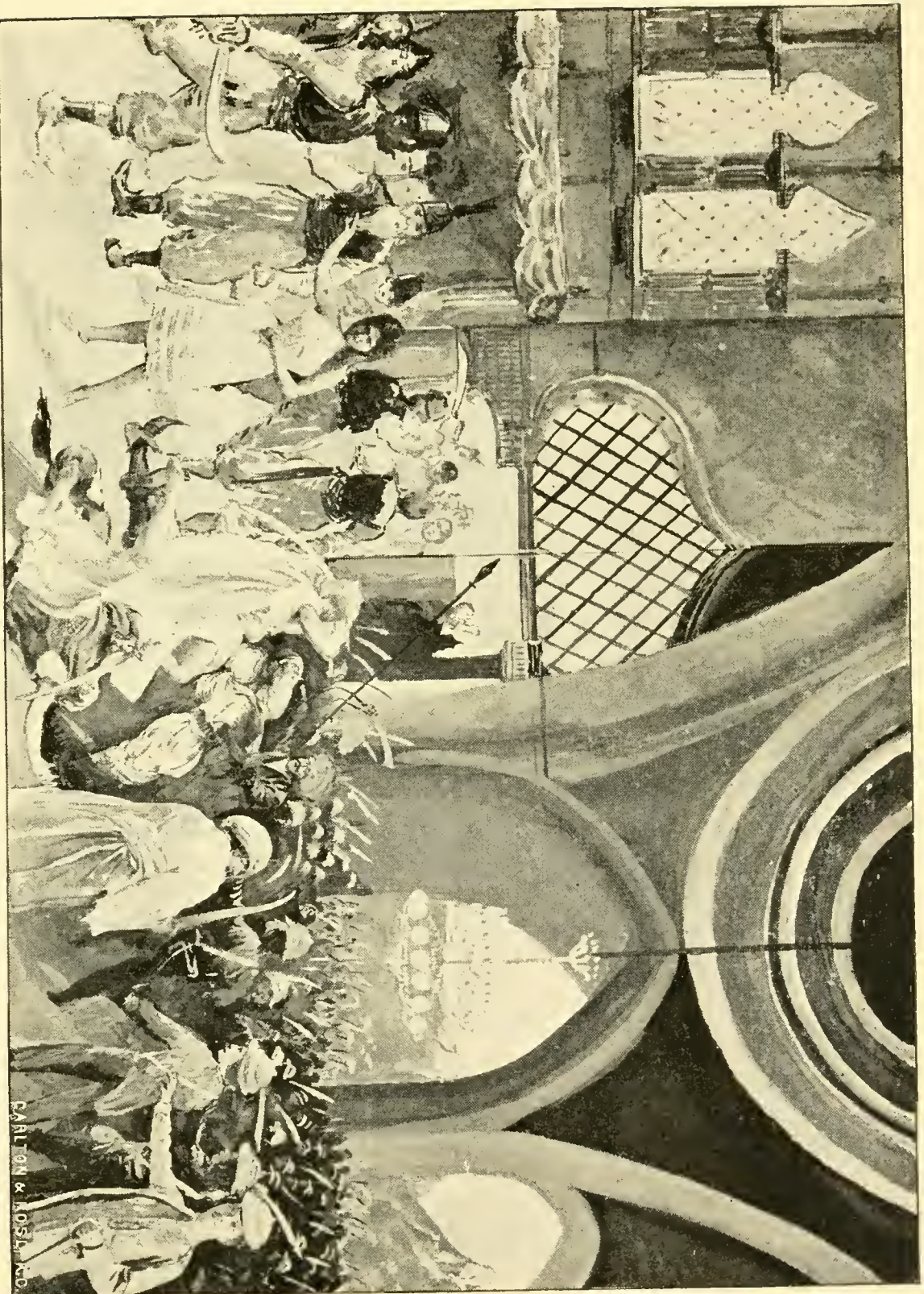
Dramatic scenes, appalling to the sight—  
 Shattered hulks, dismantled vessels, flying wrecks,  
 Bonfires of blazing ships, blood streaming decks.  
 Hundreds of wounded, dying wretches float  
     Upon the waves or burning call in vain.  
 While outstretched arms implore the rescue boat,  
     The drowning sink despairing neath the main.

From close pursuit the flag ship Colon flies.  
 Trusting to speed he swiftly onward hies ;  
 Hard striving to escape by passing by—  
 But which the Brooklyn, under Commodore Schley,  
 The Oregon, under fearless Captain Clark,  
 The Gloucester, a rapid sailing bark,  
 The New York later joined in chase, soon reached,  
 And with their deadly guns, there wrecked and beached.  
 While on the coast a savage race awaits,  
     As Cornish wreckers, victims of the wave,  
 With gleaming eyes of bitter Cuban hate;  
     Seeking like ghouls the plunder of the brave.  
 Then Mercy takes a hand for those who breathed;  
     Making the wounded her especial care,  
 And when the battle paused—and carnage ceased,  
     And sailors fain would cheer our triumph there;  
 A humane captain gentle orders gave,  
     To war grimed heroes, on the war ships decks;  
 “Don’t cheer! they’re dying! haste boys! the drowning save!  
     In boats of rescue to dismantled wrecks!”

Admiral Cervera, grey haired and proud,  
 Broken in spirit and completely bowed,  
 Offered his sword to Captain Wainwright’s care;  
 Who hesitates, then says with gallant air:  
 “I cannot take a sword from one so brave  
 Who risks his life, his country’s flag to save.”  
 And this great victory came upon the day  
 The anniversary of independence won,  
 When America first lit, with beaming ray,  
 Her beacon light at Liberty’s glowing sun.

Ten thousand more United States recruits ,  
     To cover all the Santiago hills,





CALTON & MOSLEY CO.

A sound is heard—the clanging strokes of steel,  
The 'Tagal comes! the Moslem columns reel!  
A thousand warriors press the coming fray,  
And to the palace cleave their bloody way,

Enter the Sultan's hall o'er heads of slain;  
Boldly confront him in his purpose vain,  
And from temptations of that gilded dome,  
They bear the maiden to their mountain home.





Offer no ending to these dire disputes,  
For Spaniards loath to yield till bullet kills.  
An engineering problem now presents,  
Of how our navy can direct a shell,  
Over a hill and shatter a defense  
Six miles away and plump, it true and well,  
Into the heart of a defiant town  
And dash its war like structures ruined down.  
Never before did such a chance betide  
To make a target of a nation's pride,  
Where signals made by those who see the game,  
Tell expert gunners where to fix their aim.  
Thousands of bombs, with elevation high,  
Are thundered on the doomed from upper sky.  
The Dons surrounded by superior force,  
Look for Nario from Holguin in vain;  
Knowing surrender is a thing of course,  
Still hug starvation and drag out the pain.  
At such array the Spaniards losing heart,  
With war like honors seek but to depart.  
With arms and banners, Toral still assumes,  
To save Spain's pride and scorns to doff his plumes.  
McKinley grants one order—one alone;  
Yields one condition—"Take the Spaniards home."  
To parley better terms they hesitate—  
Waiting Spain's mandate that determines fate.  
The guns all pointed, shotted, and in place,  
On every hill side, sullenly they face  
Hundreds of cannon ready to bring down  
Destruction on that lone beleaguered town,  
Until the white flag on the battle field,  
Gave token that the desperate foe would yield.

To Plaza La Reina, of the Moorish art,  
The soldiers of both armies ranked apart,  
There came as witness to the episode  
Of Spain's surrender, by the martial code—  
Bands playing Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever,"  
Our banner waving in its triumph ever!  
As scarlet flaunted to an angry bull,  
All this has filled Spain's cup of grief o'er full,  
And fate has given the cup to proud Toral,

When Spaniards stack their arms and yield up all.  
The dying Goth beholds the arena swim,  
As the Hesperian star-lit clouds grow dim!

More than a century and a score of years—  
A Cycle in oblivion disappears,  
Since dawning of that most eventful day,  
When our free system started on its way—  
That constellation of the brightest stars,  
That ever lit the splendor of the night;  
Lighting the distant blue with thirteen bars  
Of glorious alternate of red and white.  
America, victor on the field of Mars,  
Exulting in the triumph of her brawn;  
In vaulted chambers, guarded by the stars,  
Dreams of her rising empire's glorious dawn.  
On many a fierce and blood-stained battle field,  
Truth as her sword and virtue as her shield,  
With 'Liberty or Death,' her rallying cry,  
Dares, power of tyrants ever to defy;  
Greater than Rome, and mistress of the world;  
States in a system, like the planets hurled  
In space to circle round a federal sun,  
Until the will of God on earth be done,  
Extends her power o'er far-off Philippines,  
And rules the wave in Hawaii's distant scenes;  
Rescues fair Cuba from the despots power;  
Brings wished for blessings like a genial shower;  
Restoring all true manhood to its own,  
In all the lands in which her power is known.

But worthier of our theme than things yet told,  
Come warrior chiefs, with chivalry of old,  
And seek for good of all their native race  
To meet their erstwhile masters face to face;  
And claim a rule, enlightened, strong and free,  
That shall unchain the slaves of tyranny;  
To realize the aspirations high,  
Of all condemned as humble serfs to die;  
Throw wide the portals of the Spanish keep,  
And raze the bastile's rock foundation deep;  
Unearth the Inquisition's torturing tools,

The old time fiendish sport of priestly fools;  
Forgetting not the tales of history,  
Which shroud the tyrant's path in mystery;  
Or learn too late, the arbitrary hand,  
Stretched forth to grasp a conquered land,  
Has never failed to give a specious plea,  
To make the weaker nation bend the knee.  
Nor, at this hour, did victory fail to bring,  
With all its glory, pride's envomed sting,  
In scrambles for promotion and renown,  
While false detraction scales the service down,  
And lifts incompetence to field command,  
To lead our heroes through a stricken land;  
Till loyal armies under favoritism,  
Approach so near a fatal cataclysm,  
'That human life, on foul contagion's waves,  
Becomes the floating bagatelle of knaves.

And now on far off Fillipino's Isles,  
Assembled warriors from their native wilds,  
Have poured their thousands forth, in freedom's cause,  
To curse the rule of Spanish creed and laws.  
By harvest of success in battle sown,  
They hoped to make their native land their own,  
To quench in blood the rage for human spoil,  
And drive the Spaniard from their native soil.  
Famous among them, Aguinaldo leads  
'Their countless numbers on to mighty deeds.  
Far as the eye can range the gathering hosts,  
With plumes and banners line a hostile coast—  
A savage horde that lifts its prayerful cry,  
'To live as freemen, or as slaves to die!  
And if by force that love of country gave;  
Three million armed, a noble cause to save,  
Were found invincible to royal power,  
'Then Heaven asks in Liberty's darkest hour.  
Why, thrice three million Dewey's thunder woke,  
May not cast off the hated Spanish yoke?

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## CANTO VI.

## THE RESCUE.

When Dewey, by his triumph, opened wide  
 The flood gates of that pent up human tide,  
 Brave warriors rushed from every glen and hill  
 And smote the Spaniard with united will.  
 Surrounded, broken, fleeing and dismayed,  
 Hundreds were slain before the strife was stayed.  
 Spain's stronghold taken; as the only course,  
 Thousands surrendered to superior force.  
 Her gallant lover eager for the fray,  
 To rescue Per-am-pu-a led the way.  
 Armed with the captured guns laid at their feet,  
 The Fillipinos, at their war drum's beat,  
 March on the abbey, long a bigot's shield,  
 And every stone is leveled with the field.  
 But loath to yield to liberty its due,  
 The Bishop, fearful of his ward's rescue,  
 Spirited the girl away and westward hies,  
 As last resource, he to fair Islam flies,  
 And seeks a hiding in the bowers deep,  
 Among Angloria's mountain jungles steep—  
 To Ka-ra-ja-an,\* the Sultan, known by name,  
 Of cruel purpose and ignoble aim.  
 Loved by the princess, by the Spaniard scorned,  
     Our hero sought the Sultan to revoke  
 Injustice done, and have offenders warned,  
     Not to oppose when love so plainly spoke.  
 He, tactful and assiduous to aid,  
     When crafty purpose had no stake to win,  
 Espoused the cause and speedily forbade,  
     That interference, which by Moslem creed was sin.  
 The Sultan pressed the youth's superior claims,  
     And sought to know why faith was not maintained,  
 Declared he held the highest, noblest aims,  
     To have the youth the ruling prince proclaimed.  
 But once within his Mosque, the Sultan saw  
     The ravishing beauty of this peerless queen,  
 A wish arose to breach Mohammed's law  
     And grasp the pearl his lustful eyes had seen.  
 But crafty in his purpose and his scheme,  
     Dissembled virtue suits his purpose best;

\* NOTE: Ka-ra-ja-an in Malay tongue means royalty—imperialism.

For surface currents, though the things that seem,  
The underflow is much the better test  
In stage display—a goodly sum in gold,

To give relief against the guardian's wrongs,  
Was paid to loose the tyrant Bishop's hold—

Yet, for release the maiden grieves and longs.  
Arrayed in shining garb the Sultan calls  
His slaves to throng within his gilded halls.  
The princess, weeping, comes with down cast look,  
By him compelled to kiss the Koran book.  
As feasts the serpent on the fluttering dove,

So all this beauty, lavished on one dumb  
To all the finer sense of holy love—

Was, by the Sultan's edict to become  
Queen of the harem, this impending hour;

A princess, to await the signal bell—  
That calls a slave, base mendicant of power,

To yield the love that heart would fain repel.  
Within her bosom swells a fierce revolt,

As when in statecraft, homage we compel,  
And e'en unwelcome good is forced to halt,

Whene'er the people in their pride rebel;  
So Per-am-pu-a, like all human kind,

Such enforced blessings would reject in ire,  
And learned to hate the freedom that would bind,

And changed a heart of love to heart of fire.  
A monster comes to curse thy fallen race,

And hated love compels a fond embrace !

Must thou confess, beneath the master's rod,  
That gold has bought thy freedom and thy God?

Nay! not without a struggle shalt thou fall,  
Or heaven fail to hear thy virtuous call!

Avengers rise within thy foster land,  
To aid thy lover, stay oppressions hand!

She finds a tongue to answer back with zeal,

The cold disdain a wounded soul can feel,

I, a 'Hamba tuan'\* thou canst not know,

Thy tyrant course has made me but thy foe.

False to thy people! false in every deed!

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\* NOTE: "Hamba tuan," in Malay tongue, the equivalent of master's slave.

'Beneficent Assimilation,' though thy creed!  
 Should all thy treasures heaped reach to the sun,  
 Thou couldst not win this heart another won.  
 I scorn thy love! Compelled to mate with thee!  
 I'd make my tomb within the boundless sea.  
 Like Sextus Tarquin, son of Tarquin proud,  
 Or Apius Claudius, wouldst thou win a shroud?  
 To be thy ally once I did incline,  
 But never! never! shalt thou claim me thine.  
 'Tis but my freedom that I ask of thee,  
 Then let wide oceans part thee far from me."  
 The Sultan broke in fierce impulsive rage,  
 That ill comports with dignity of age:—  
 "Cohorts of Islam! ere to-morrow's sun,  
 Out-Spanish all the Spaniard yet has done!  
 Pursue with bloodhounds! Search each secret glen!  
 Hunt every jungle! forest, morass, fen!  
 Capture this lovelorn, in the Luzon wilds!  
 E'en though he hide in mountain rock defiles!  
 Heed not this tropic heat or deadly plague,  
 But, Kill! Kill! Kill! This choleric blood assuage.  
 What! though my soldiers volunteered to fight,  
 To uplift freedom and defend the right!  
 What! though ten thousand gallant youths shall fall,  
 I'll seek my purpose though it ends them all!  
 I played a part! I posed as friend to save!  
 The mask has fallen—Thou shalt be my slave!"

A sound is heard—the clanging strokes of steel,  
 The Tagal comes! the Moslem columns reel!  
 A thousand warriors press the coming fray,  
 And to the palace cleave their bloody way,  
 Enter the Sultan's hall o'er heaps of slain;  
 Boldly confront him in his purpose vain,  
 And from temptations of that gilded dome,  
 They bear the maiden to their mountain home.

In proud defiance Aguinaldo stands—  
 The Agamemnon of these motley bands,  
 And voicing millions, with a grand refrain,  
 The songs of freedom once again proclaim.  
 While shouts of independence greet the ear,





To, by revolting deeds achieve a name—  
And like the Demon beckoning on to shame,  
Tempt fair Columbia, in imperial dress,  
To pose as Empire and the world possess.—[Page 43].



With warnings an imperial throne might hear.  
 But pride leads on from high to higher,  
 Self immolated on its funeral pyre,  
 As like the moth that flickers in the flame,  
 To, by revolting deeds achieve a name—  
 And like the Demon beckoning on to shame,  
 Tempts fair Columbia, in imperial dress,  
 To pose as Empire and the world possess.  
 What wonder tribesmen rise in righteous wrath,  
 As if a viper in their desert path  
 Had barred their way to this long hoped-for hour  
 To teach, that might is right, by hateful power,  
 While chained to ages of repeated wrong,  
 They crave the boon, for which all patriots long  
 And chide the long delay of freedom won,  
 To find their serfdom only just begun?

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## CANTO VII.

### INVOCATION.

Oh thou fair land! of every land the pride,  
 Where weeds of wrong and flowers grow side by side,  
 Where lust of faction and man's selfish greed,  
 Oppress the masses in their time of need!  
 Thou nation, that wouldst sit the world's umpire,  
 Must first be scourged with purifying fire,  
 And in the furnace of the gods thy dross  
 Must be burned out and pride must suffer loss!  
 Imperial purple will be worn by wealth,  
 With all its craft of cowardice and wrong,  
 Until thy people learn to conquer self  
 And join in Freedom's universal song.  
 Invoke again the solemn shades,  
 Of men like Washington;  
 Draw from the sheaths their rusty blades,  
 Till other fields are won!  
 Lift once again the soldier's pall,  
 Where ghostly banners wave,



And rally to the bugle call,  
     The stately and the brave!  
 Come, night alarm, the sentry's gun;  
     The long roll or tattoo,  
 The onset fierce, the melee on,  
     The red coats and the blue;  
 The quick command, the fife and drum,  
     The shifting column's tread;  
 The marshalled hosts, the battle's hum,  
     The watchfires of the dead.  
 The volley's crash—the gathering fight  
     Blends one continuous roar;  
 There cannon, of those men of might,  
     Still echo on the shore!

While Tagalo warriors, in a noble cause,  
 Long struggled for their native land and laws;  
 With stalwart arms, still bravely held the rein,  
 That curbed the cruel power of haughty Spain,  
 A mighty nation's patriotic fires  
 Were kindled on the altars of our sires;  
 The human race in solemn prayer was bowed,  
 And nations heard our purpose thus avowed;  
 Deliverance to the weak, against the strong,  
 With purest motives to relieve all wrong.  
 Alas! beneath the feverish breath of pride,  
 How soon the fragrance of that hope has died—  
 That war, invoked to set the tribesmen free,  
 Would ever end, but in their slavery.  
 "Invisible Empire" rears a dazzling throne,  
 And counts the fruits of conquest all its own;  
 Clothed in its Moloch garb of glittering steel,  
 A monarch stern, that has no power to feel,  
 While howling minions lift the throne on high,  
 And hoarsely voice their plaudits to the sky!  
 Scarce died the shout, for signal victories gained,  
 When "Manifest destiny" is now proclaimed,  
 And war extends its mercenary hand,  
 With lustful greed to grasp colonial land!  
 Those sires of old, so nobly, wisely reared,  
 Where deep foundations, age on age appeared,  
 The grandest temple that the light of sun



CARLTON & ROSE, K.C.

There came a voice with words that plainly spoke  
In jarring thunders that the silence broke!  
"This holy twain as one, I now proclaim,  
When nature joins, let none but God disclaim!"—[Page 50].





Of civilization ever shone upon;  
Pillars of truth that bore up human love,  
Upon its dome the spirit of a dove;  
An architecture that portrayed its worth,  
The best designs and models of the earth;  
And on its panels blazed, in burnished light,  
The altruistic creed of human right.  
Among the lofty maxims that were spread,  
Above its marble column's stately head,  
The glowing truth, "Just governments derive  
From free consent, their right to long survive."  
But not by England were these truths received,  
Who now inordinate in her pride, conceived,  
That she must missionary all the world,  
Till "Union Jack" be everywhere unfurled.  
When Spanish glory's fading twilight ray,  
Gave glowing memories of departing day;  
When Spain was old, and Albion first began  
Her vast expansions wide colonial plan,  
She saw the ruin Spanish greed had wrought,  
But heeded not the lesson it had taught.  
Nor sought an empire's peaceful path to find;  
And though, through battle fields that scourged mankind,  
There came the hearse and funeral dirge behind,  
The nation's anthem rose above the hour—  
"God save the Queen and her imperial power."  
Still ever onward in her blazoned course  
The loud war trumpet, blare and hoarse,  
Sounded the triumph of the law of force,  
To exploit all the treasures of the earth;  
To strangle independence at its birth;  
Control with iron hand her wide domains,  
Extend her commerce and enhance her gains;  
Till now she boasts the sun ne'er sinks to rest,  
Beyond her empires farthest mountain crest;  
And "Rule Britannia, rule the wave" in song,  
Has drowned unheeded piteous notes of wrong.  
Thus led by glamour of the world's applause,  
The statesmen of our time desert their cause;  
And marshalled on the side of power enthroned,  
The foulest crimes of earth are oft condoned.  
Till servile hosts meet on the field of strife,

Where Death in armor gloats o'er human life,  
And past, the present and the future trend  
Forecasts that England's ruthless course must end.  
The Sepoy raid, the peril of Lucknow,  
The cruel Turk, the problem of Samoa,  
The Grecian war, the unhappy fate of Crete,  
The Armenian crouching at the Moslem's feet,  
The Siberian railway and the Russian czar,  
The Franco-German constant threat of war,  
The storm clouds of Fashoda that beguile  
The French and English on the upper Nile,  
The Transvaal war, the British forced to fly,  
The Boer resolved to conquer or to die;  
The Chinese problem and a hundred more  
Commercial questions of the open door,  
Unsolved, unsettled, rise a grim menace  
That all the warlike nations, face to face,  
With formidable array of hostile power,  
Shall drench in blood the century's closing hour!  
But if to gentle ways the nations yield,  
Nor seek by martial hosts to force the field;  
But with respect for all conflicting creeds,  
Shall win their way by truly Christian deeds;  
By kindness lift the world to nobler aims,  
To realize their fondest hopes and dreams,  
As Dutch in Java, or the Celebes,  
Or Quaker Penn, restrained rude tribes with ease,  
Angels of mercy, leading, might have shown  
The path of peace to an imperial throne.  
But vain the hope that such a boon were given  
To other than the radiant sons of Heaven!  
Can we who wept o'er wrongs, so soon forget  
Our unkept pledges, without keen regret?  
Pay twenty millions for the task undone,  
To wage the fight by cruel Spain begun?  
In wholesale slaughter and the power to kill,  
Find civilization's highest feat of skill?  
And heeding not, in this all conquering lust,  
"Thrice armed is he, who has his quarrel just,"  
Like sweetest honey, turned to bitterest gall,  
Seek martial glory in a comrade's fall?  
And basely treacherous, fatal arrows send,

To pierce the hearts we sought but to defend?  
Strew on our country's grave the faded flowers,  
And withered hope of freedom's gilded hours?  
Nay! Let no shadow of a tyrant's frown,  
Darken the gems that deck the hero's crown;  
While he awaits the royal hand that brings  
The crown, the scepter and the rule of kings.  
What! Though the world lies crushed beneath his feet,  
The victory thus achieved is but defeat!  
As doubtful good, opposed to heaven's will,  
Is clouded sunlight, and but darkness still!

In tropic seas where sunlight falls,  
So softly on Manila's walls;  
There truly mirrored in the deep,  
'Those dreamy isles, so tranquil sleep,  
They seem to float in azure blue,  
Wreathed in their floweret's varied hue;  
Such isles, where kindly nature yields,  
The treasured wealth of fertile fields,  
And Heaven upon mankind bestows  
Its blessings till it overflows;  
I hear a voice in prayerful call:  
"Oh! Make these waters free to all!"  
And standing guard see native hosts,  
Warn the invader from their coasts;  
And there behind a line of steel,  
At order given, our soldiers kneel,  
And trace a dead line on the sand,  
To shoot who pass, by stern command;  
See rank on rank, with tongues of flame,  
Hurl volleyed murder, crime and shame,  
While reckless soldiers raid the towns,  
Looting the suburbs on their rounds;  
See natives terrorized in flight,  
There massacred that gruesome night,  
While guests returning from the play,  
Are met and slaughtered on their way;  
Till fierceness sparing sex nor age,  
Rewrites Ovando's bloody page!  
'Twas then our allies' braver sons,  
Were stained with blood before our guns!



That blood that calls to Heaven above,  
 "Oh God! Is this the Christian's love?  
 If this, the love that flows from Thee  
 So foul, what must the fountain be?"  
 Alas! The memory of these scenes  
 Enacted on the Philippines,  
 Will be a blot upon the page,  
 Of history from age to age!

When warlike spirit's crimson tide  
 Has ebb'd, while dreams of glory died,  
 To shun the onsets wild alarms,  
 Hope gives relief from feats of arms;  
 In visions seeks, when pride has fled,  
 To reach blue waters far ahead.  
 Lo there! behind and close in view,  
 Behold the Malay swimmer too!  
 With gleaming knife clenched in his teeth,  
 He rises on the wave beneath  
 And poising like a serpent nigh,  
 Glares fiercely with malignant eye;  
 Embittered hatred written there,  
 With vengeance in that haughty stare;  
 That charms the while, as gleaming bright,  
 Within its halo's baleful light,  
 We read the words:—"There's no escape  
 From stab behind in Malay hate;  
 Nor iron handed rule can stay  
 His bloody bolo's deadly sway,  
 While he who wields its cruel blade  
 Still lurks beneath the bo-tree's shade!"

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## CANTO VIII.

### THE CELESTIAL UNION.

In purpose wicked and with glance malign,  
 The sultan sought revenge with fell design.  
 Called Arrogance, relentless in its path,

To scourge the rebel that had scaped his wrath!  
Summoned his henchmen, waved kind Mercy back,  
And bound the cause of Freedom to the rack!  
Then Liberty was stabbed with gleaming knife,  
On the dear threshold of its hoped for life!  
Broken, dismayed, insurgent hosts retire,  
Before the Moslem's deadly shafts of fire!  
They strive! they fall! yet still refuse to yield,  
Bathed in their blood on many a well fought field!  
Still struggling fail to see their cause undone,  
But desperate fight, nor heed the foe has won.

Ka-ra-ja-an impotent as his boasts,  
Compels his slaves to follow vanished hosts;  
For sore perplexed, they know not how or where,  
To hunt the Tagal from his secret lair,  
Hidden behind embowered rock and fen.  
Tracked by their blood to every secret glen,  
Not in the red stained snow of Valley Forge,  
But through swamp ooze or narrow mountain gorge;  
In tropic clime of seasons wet and dry,  
Where Sirius rages with malignant eye;  
Pursued and murdered by relentless hordes—  
Such the Christ followers, that this earth affords—  
These model Christians, the conceit so runs,  
Now shoot salvation into men with guns!  
Ensanguined death the only thing in need,  
To pile the earth for sacrifice to greed!  
When flood has ceased and torrid heat begun,  
The mangled bodies rot in burning sun,  
Till all the air is poisoned with the stench,  
Of those who desperate die within the trench,  
And Abel's blood is heard in Heaven alone,  
In last appeal to Islam's heart of stone!  
Kind Heaven, stir up the hearts of men anew  
And grant the justice that is Mercy's due!  
Americanos! rise as once of old,  
When tales of monkish cruelty were told,  
Ye rose in wrath in all your vengeful might,  
To hurl the hated Spaniard from your sight.  
Oh! turn this vicious, murderous plot aside!  
Drag from his dome the Sultan in his pride!

Tear from his breast the regal star of power!  
And be this lust but vision of the hour!

Persistent crime and long appealing wrong,  
Had wearied patience of Angloria long,  
When manhood rose and with puissant might,  
Cast down the Sultan and upheld the right.  
It was a glorious jubilee—jubilee!  
A welcome herald to the free—the free!  
When marriage bells were ringing far and wide,  
Per-am-pu-a stood by La-ki-la-ki's\* side,  
In robes of white, resplendent in their sheen;  
With glow of happiness, before unseen,  
And joining hands on Luzon's upland plain,  
Implore the marriage from the gods that reign.  
No earthly one could such a pair unite,  
But One alone, ineffably so bright!  
Behind the gorgeous curtain of the skies!  
Whoever sees that dazzling face—he dies!  
For none its splendor can endure and live—  
(More than the brightness of the sun can give  
Immunity to those who look upon its disk,  
From transient blindness) this the greater risk;  
For one glance of His Radiant Light Eternal,  
Is as edged lightning, with its torch supernal!  
Through rifted clouds, of heaven's burnished scroll,  
Beyond whose billows ceaseless thunders roll!  
Through opening scenes to farthest distant view,  
Where starry lamps are hung in azure blue!  
Through that clear vista where the lightnings play,  
Forth from the dazzling glow of that bright day,  
There came a voice with words that plainly spoke  
In jarring thunders that the silence broke!  
"This holy twain as one, I now proclaim,  
When nature joins, let none but God disclaim!"  
And thus restored, Love's romance to renew,  
A light celestial fades them from our view.

"THE EMPIRE AND THE CROWN"—SONG.

From all embracing heavens, I hear a glad refrain,

---

NOTE: La-ki-la-ki in Malay tongue means manhood—heroism.



Of Seraph's voicing freedom to isles beyond the main;  
 While nations join the anthem and swell the chorus wide,  
 "Te Deum!" Hail the hero, who chose so fair a bride!  
 Oh! When this war is over, although the field be won,  
 And we found an island empire beneath the tropic sun,  
 Where rage bubonic fevers, that like a furnace breath,  
 Dries up the springs of manhood and blasts its hope in  
     death—  
 More deadly than the mauser, from hidden ambuscades,  
 Or deeds of reckless venture in the Tagal's daring raids.  
 There will be weeping households and many a mourning  
     home,  
 Parents that grieve in silence, for the absent ones that roam;  
 Through the palmy isles of sunland, to seek a phantom  
     throne!  
 From the labyrinth of forest, they will hear the wounded  
     moan,  
 And looking to see whence cometh the soldiers' dying  
     groan,  
 Will find him in the jungle, stark, silent, and alone!  
 Though we boast of human slaughter, when tribesman's  
     blood is shed,  
 Yet scores of American boys, too, in a foreign land lie dead!  
 Oh! is there glory, in such—Inhumanity to man,  
 For a worldly dominion in a corner we can span?  
 And when ye have gained these trophies, and branded on  
     your brow,  
 Is the crimson word "Conqueror" to which the world shall  
     bow,  
 Are ye any nearer Heaven? are ye any nearer Christ?  
 Ah! Who shall say the bauble is not too highly priced?  
 When we forsook the fathers and the policy of old,  
 And gain imperial purple, for liberty that's sold.  
 When we take our little prattlers upon parental knee,  
 And tell traditioned stories, of Washington and Lee—  
 How the bloody snows of Valley Forge and Yorktown's  
     victory,  
 Were all because Americans determined to be free.  
 Will we not all look shamed faced and simper like a clown,  
 When we hand down from the top shelf, an Empire and a  
     Crown?

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## THE AMERICAN FLAG, - SONG.

They say of our glorious flag—that we must not haul it  
down,  
Though openings in its folds disclose a kingly crown;  
That the flag itself is sacred, though it shields a dastard  
crime,  
Like the refuge of an outrage beneath a convent's shrine;  
But even this holy thing, raised to the loyal view,  
Is not a pirate's mascot to shield his brutal crew;  
Nor—"Our Country right or wrong"—a motto always true  
When others are denied the justice that is due.  
'Tis not the flag we worship, but what it emblems more,  
To the holy cause of freedom—of the patriot days of yore:  
Then let no hero worship e'er bend the pliant knee  
To spread imperial purple in lands beyond the sea;  
For, to uphold the right, where'er our banners wave,  
Is the only crown of glory, for the noble and the brave!

There's a tale of a daring skipper in the legends of the wave,  
Who chases the freebooter where the winds and waters rave  
Till when the day is dying, comes darkness with its pall,  
The buccaneer has vanished, vague mystery shrouding all,  
Until—the morning sun nymph trips where the good ship  
rides,  
And the dancing ripples, like diamonds, are beating the ves-  
sel's sides  
When behold the brigand flaunts, from the highest top-  
mast's head,  
In place of the skull and cross bones, the stripes of white  
and red.  
And the glorious golden stars, on a field of azure blue,  
Giving the outlaw craft an appearance something new;

But the mariner reads on the wave crested line,  
The story of guilt, of murder and crime,  
And the roar of his guns, is the answering hail,  
Where the tocsin of death is riding the gale—  
The roar of his guns and the boom of the wave,  
And the turn of his prow, that the old skipper gave,  
Brought the sea vulture there, like a swift darting gull,  
A crash through the sides of his dark rotten hull,  
And down, in dark water, without prayer; without knell





Behold, Jehovah cometh in a cloud!  
A light like jasper on his vestments shone!  
The voice of angels rose o'er tempests loud  
And lightning flashed around a snow white throne!—[Page 59].





Sinks the bold sea marauder, with cursings to hell!  
Thus the moral is told: that the American flag  
When it masks a foul purpose, is nothing but rag!

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## CANTO IX.

### THE BATTLE OF HEAVEN.

When great conflict of principle expends  
Its valiant force to win by martial ends,  
Where few that fight know what they battle for  
Victorious peace outstrips the hounds of war.  
Peace hath its valiant heroes, stern and true,  
Who, ever bear the ensign of virtue,  
And charge on wrong entrenched as vested right  
To plant truth's standard on its crowning height.  
Our Congress has its working bees who strive  
To sting the robbers from the nation's hive.  
O'erwhelmed by odds, unable to sustain  
A losing fight, where reason calls in vain,  
They seemed to yield, impelled by misled hosts,  
To join the Waldorf Bacchanalian toasts.  
In lands impoverished by the greed for gold,  
Millions of industrial slaves are sold.  
Colossal fortunes rise, from theft alone,  
And he who asks for bread is given a stone.  
A few reach pampered wealth and luxury rare,  
While millions dwell in poverty and care.  
"Vengeance is mine" the Lord hath truly said.  
Injustice slumbers on a restless bed.  
"Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown"  
While long oppression dares the people's frown.  
To guard our nation's life there needs must be  
A few of balanced minds who rightly see  
These wrongs upon the equipoise of fate.  
As we when children learned how to instate  
A regulator at the teeter prop,  
Whose office is to tread upon the drop,  
And with his shifting weight an influence throw—  
Turn down the ups and elevate the low;

For only just men of impartial mind  
Can be the equal judges of mankind.  
When avarice has all our wealth amassed—  
When human greed has all around outclassed;  
And can ascend no further toward the skies  
The game must stop unless the lowly rise.  
However optimistic hopes proclaim  
The power of Dives now upon the wane,  
Still toil oppressed the laborer strives in vain,  
To burst the fetters that his fate enchain,  
While Mammon reaps the harvest Toil has sown  
And in the garner claims it all his own.  
Behold! all ruling Providence, the cause  
Has joined, to make the tyrant bigot pause!  
God's purpose, to appease man's selfish ends,  
His bounteous crops to our great nation sends.  
Unto America's prolific soil,  
He sends the rain, to leaven rustic toil.  
The gentle zephyrs and the warm sunshine  
Deepened fruition in the season's time,  
And from propitious earth a giant sprung,  
Clothed in the Georgic wealth that Virgil sung,  
Bearing the rich commodities of human need,  
Till horns of plenty human wants exceed—  
Of meat, of corn and cotton still the king,  
And richest fruit the favored seasons bring,  
And at the feet of Luxury casts his load,  
That transportation's wheels bore on its road,  
To every clime where from the world amain,  
Returning riches poured a flood of gain.  
From chaos depths a mountain Croesus rose  
Whose glowing cliffs a mint of wealth disclose--  
Jewels more rich than known before of earth,  
Dazzling the brow of an auriferous birth.  
Famine and war in far off eastern land  
Sharpened the tooth of hunger and demand,  
And from the Eastern world a flood of gold  
Piled high Kubera's genii hoards untold,  
Till confidence on speculation ~~rise~~  
Embarked on bubbles of ephemeral life  
And boasting sophists said "See what we've done!"  
Lo! brighter dawns the world's propitious sun



To usher genial summer as our guest!  
Comes now prosperity at our behest!  
For us alone a smiling Nature bends!  
The angels bow and favor condescends  
The dews of Heaven and the gentle rain,  
Till welcome earth responds with fields of grain!"

As little rivulets roll down to the sea,  
Productive wealth, now called "Prosperity,"  
Flows onward to the stores of millionaires  
Where idlers feast while labor poorly fares,  
Till avarice consumes the golden grain  
And offers husks to him who bore the pain.  
Their gilded palace stands on shifting sands—  
A credit vision reared by fairy hands—  
A pyramid invert on apex shown—  
The world's vast business based on gold alone!  
An adverse breath may topple to the ground  
And stately ruins strew the plain around.  
"Prosperity" that stands on Britain's boast—  
A "South Sea Bubble" on the Afric coast!  
The wily Boer the way of England blocks  
And headlong slumps DeBeer's rich mining stocks!  
Wall Street and Lombard hear the coming storm  
Of wide spread panic howling its alarm—  
An augury of a dawning fateful year,  
To thrill Belshazzar's heart with palsied fear,  
For as all structures built by human hand  
Must be of good material to stand,  
So, as the sequel to abuse of power,  
Just reckoning comes at the eleventh hour;  
As when in Rome Praetorian guards arise  
To drive from power the Nero they despise.

For future ages now the die is cast  
And triumph comes to the oppressed at last,  
When laws are passed and declarations made,  
That freemen as the kings must be obeyed;  
Equal taxation, currency reformed,  
And trust monopolies to law conformed,  
To bear their share of government expense  
In peace and war and national defense—

A solid phalanx armed with ready lance  
Become the couriers of the world's advance—  
Columbia free from civil strife at length,  
Now rises like a giant in her strength!

---

In ages past, the implements of war  
Were quite imperfect, not as now they are;  
But at the time, and since the fall of Spain,  
Methods of killing had advanced amain;  
America increased her fleet tenfold;  
Electric arts their magic powers unfold,  
Illumine the world and give to us a name  
That throws a shadow over Europe's fame;  
Our merchant vessels plow the distant seas  
And flaunt their pennants to the foreign breeze;  
Improved war ships are built and clad in steel  
Boldly equipped with all the world to deal,  
In size leviathan, in structure speed,  
With high explosives stored for time of need.  
No nation on the waves could well compete  
With Yankee tact in managing a fleet.  
The powers all great armaments maintain  
Each rivaling the other on the main.  
Strange flying engines art constructs with care  
Designed to navigate the world of air,  
Each loaded with a hundred men to fly  
And drop down high explosives from the sky.  
Wondrous inventions genius doth devise,  
Gaining God's secrets to become as wise.  
Each corporation—competition's child—  
Then joins the Trust by lustful gain defiled.  
The Trust in turn, insatiate in greed,  
The power of State shall bend to human need,  
Till manufacture and production now  
Mankind with life and comfort doth endow,  
And thus, by proper distribution made,  
None need by slavish labor be dismayed;  
For with facilities, to wealth obtain,  
Relax the miser's cravings to retain,  
So that the hoarding passion worse than want,  
No longer now the princely slave need haunt.  
By this, abate all passion and desire

For wealth—kindling instead a Christian fire  
And a good feeling, that: "All mine is thine;"  
Instead of that false creed: "All thine is mine."  
Within wise limits and with rational bounds  
Each owns his own and all compete in skill  
With all the social world, and each to fill  
The highest niche that excellence may find  
In all the useful arts and tests of mind:

Mechanical, laborious, or the charm  
Of poetry, music, or authorship,  
In kindness to avoid a neighbor's harm,  
But with an emulation to outstrip  
Him whom he envies not, but wishes well,  
Who brings achievement to the world to sell.  
Not ultra social with too much of law  
And captious regulations for each flaw,  
Nor Nihilistic, with no law at all,  
Where in the case of need, there's none to call.  
But by a happy medium 'twixt extremes  
To choose the guide of reason, not of dreams.  
With social competition harmonized—  
A marriage of the systems realized—  
The individual and the socialism  
Together welded fast and made one schism—  
This in America but not the East.  
The Orient still kept its serfs to feast  
The kings and princes at their lordships will—  
Held some were born to rule and some to till,  
But some advance is made in liberal thought

Among the best of Anglo Saxon stock.  
So things stood balanced save where influence bought

By some shrewd multi-millionaire Shylock  
Had turned the scale in favor of the things  
Sustaining monarchy and the rule of kings.  
Relations diplomatic felt the strain,  
When freemen seized the governmental rein.

Empires confront each other to defy,  
Like the black clouds that loom upon the sky!  
Rank upon rank, massed—battles grand array—  
An ominous gathering on that fateful day.  
There came a flash, a heavy rumbling sound!



All nature trembled! thunder shook the ground!  
The signal for the great conflict of life,  
Of all the people of the world oppressed!  
Of all the nations joined in deadly strife  
To maintain all the hopes that earth possessed!  
Navies at sea and armies on the land!  
Ten thousand bursting shells and blazing guns  
Invoked once more in this great final stand!  
Exploding bombs that weigh an hundred tons,  
Fiercer than all the rage of Pompeii  
Devoured by fire descending from on high!  
Huge hectacombs of murdered men that rise,  
Colossal in their bulk to greet the skies,  
And breed vile pestilence that ever goes  
Behind the wake of armies and their woes!  
The dreadful struggle risen to its height  
Transcendent vistas burst upon the sight!  
A door is opened in the Heavens wide!  
The phalanx of the blest press side by side!  
The prince of Scanda,\* with advancing plume,  
Trumpets the coming of the despot's doom!  
A light from Heaven, descending like a dove,  
Haloed his brow with universal love!  
Beneath the azure vaults of Heaven's dome  
He kneeled to pray before the great white throne.

“Father which art in Heaven's fane,  
All hallowed be thy glorious name.  
As now in Heaven thy will be done,  
Upon the earth Thy Kingdom come.  
Teach wealth and pride that it is true  
None can serve God and Mammon too.  
Let all mankind to truth be led,  
That each may earn his daily bread.  
Forgive their weakness when debtor  
As they forgive when creditor.  
Into temptation lead them not.  
Rescued from evil be their lot.  
Be his the glory and the crown  
Who casts the power of tyrants down.”

---

NOTE: Scanda, in Oriental mythology, leader of the armies of Heaven.

Behold, Jehovah cometh in a cloud!

A light like jasper on his vestments shone!

The voice of angels rose o'er tempests loud

And lightning flashed around a snow white throne!

And there, advancing on the great white steed,

Narada,\* champion of the earth's great need,

With myriads led that gleam in armor bright,

Conquering and to conquer in their might.

Legions on legions, clothed in spotless white,

March in the fullest blaze of Heaven's light .

"Forward!" the order, and the trumpet's blare

Rings with the sound of triumph on the air,

And music's swelling chant, "Thy will be done,"

Presages that the hour of God has come.

Then seven angels pour upon the earth

Avenging vials of the Almighty's wrath!

His thunders, lightnings, and an earthquake's birth

Make for the "Man on horseback" a wide path,

Upon the field of Armageddon's hosts,

And drive the power of princes, with their boasts,

Back to the open sea, now red with blood,

And overwhelm them in its giant flood!

In that grand sphere where God and angels sit

By record known on earth as "Holy Writ,"

Amid the sound of many waters that outpour,

That blend with a great tempest's awful roar,

Forth the strong angel comes from Heaven's fold

And on the Prince of Tyrants lays his hold,

To bind the fiend and bear him far away,

Committed for a thousand years to stay

In that pit, gloomy, bottomless and weird,

His evil ways no longer to be feared,

Until his term expired, he loosened speeds

To roam again on earth for wicked deeds;

Deceiving all the nations of the earth;

To Gog and Magog giving monstrous birth.

If this be true, why was Christ crucified?

Is God a God thus to be defied

---

NOTE: Narada, in Oriental mythology, a sage and messenger between Gods and men.

And Satan still allowed unchained to go,  
To flay mankind in never ending woe?  
The attribute of God—the power to rule—  
Doth make that Devil but a servile tool.  
When once that demon is in dungeon cast,  
If thou be God then hold him to the last!  
Why longer grant that evil one to live?  
Is he the mercy that the Lord would give?  
Oh! vain belief that war must once again  
The slaughter of the lambs on earth begin!  
That with new blood, the wine press of the Lord  
Must feed the crimson rivers of discord!  
It must not be! The angel that rebelled,  
If Mercy rules, forever must be held;  
Then when celestial domes rise on the sight  
Of that millenium and its promised rest,  
Amid the palms and fountains of delight,  
'Twill be the sweet Nirvana of the blest.

And now 'tis done! The wreck of ages past  
Has brought our earth so near to Heaven at last,  
That the thin veil, that hides the other shore,  
Makes man approach the seraph more and more,  
Till now no real space these worlds divide,  
But as two peaceful nations, side by side,  
They breathe the same perfume, hear the same strain  
Of music from an angel choir's refrain.

And when a universal peace obtains,  
And equal rights, just laws and noble aims,  
Then, like the fabled swan with wearied wings,  
Earth's sweetest song will be the last she sings.

THE END.







O'erwhelmed by odds, unable to sustain  
A losing fight, where reason calls in vain,  
They seemed to yield, impelled by misled hosts,  
To join the Waldorf Bacchanalian toasts.—[Page 53].